

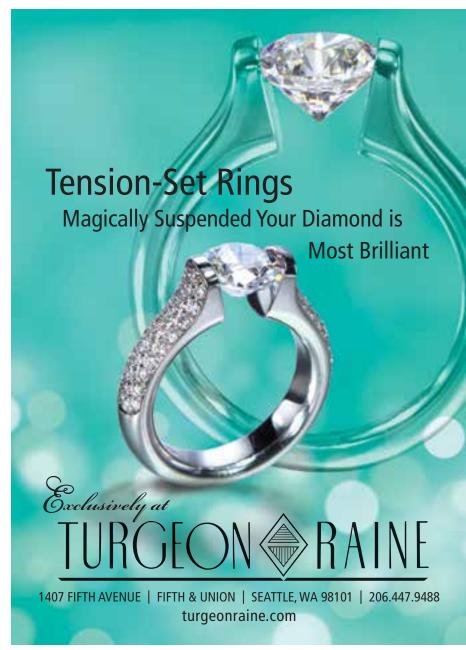
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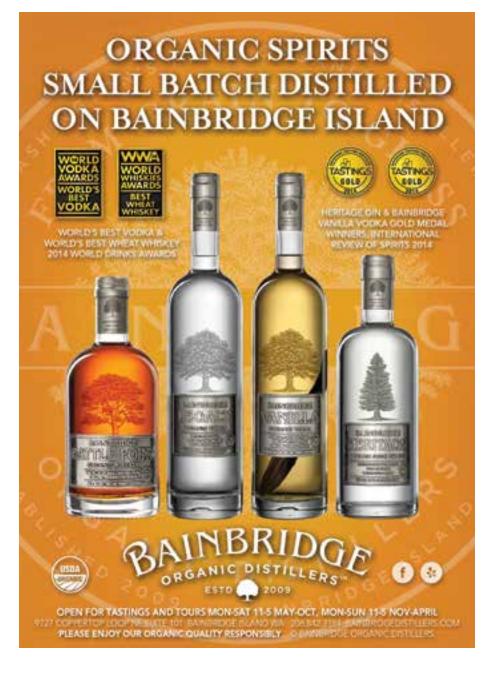


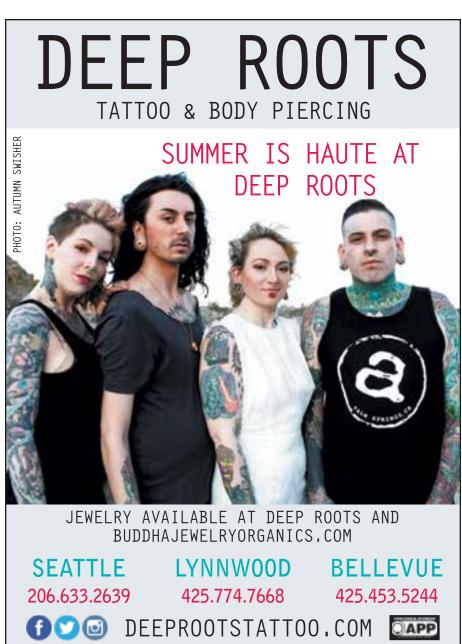
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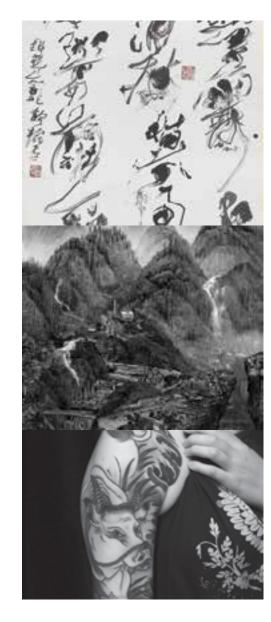








ASIAN ART MUSEUM



ART GLOBALLY Ink On!

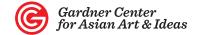
FRIDAY, JULY 17, 5:30-9:30 PM
HAPPY HOUR FROM 5:30-6:30 PM
ASIAN ART MUSEUM

Discover all things ink with a summer evening in and outside the Asian Art Museum in Volunteer Park.

Experience the many variations of ink explorations in the exhibitions *Calligraphic Abstraction* and *Chiho Aoshima: Rebirth of the World.* Join us for short talks on global trends in graphic design, typography, and tattoo art. View video art by contemporary Chinese artists! Art demonstrations, wine, and small bites will be served, cash bar.

Be sure to check out the **FREE** outdoor film, *Hero*, starting at 9 pm!

Tickets: \$15, \$10 SAM Members, \$12 Students visitsam.org/tickets



the Strang

Volume 24, Issue Number 46 July 15-21, 2015



COVER ART

Collage by TYLER SPANGLER tylerspangler.com

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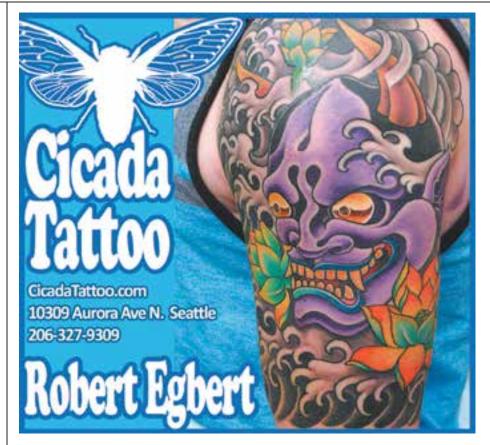
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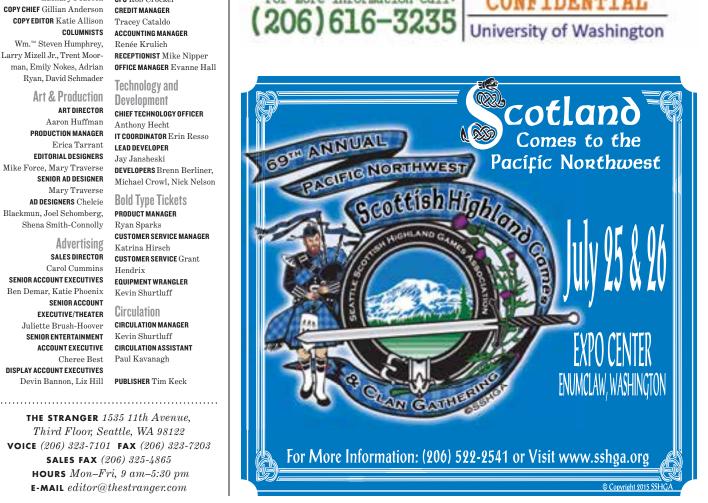
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MONDAY, JULY 6 This week of eavesdropped poetry, Islamic empathy, and allegedly vengeful restaurateurs kicked off with the Associated Press, the perennially-referenced-by-Last-Days news organization that recently secured our eternal devotion by going to court to compel the release of court documents related to a Bill Cosby sex-abuse lawsuit. As

all sentient humans are aware, Cosby faces accusations of sexual misconduct from more than two dozen women, many of whom claim to have been drugged and raped by the comedian. The court documents sought by the Associated Press pertain to a 2005 lawsuit by



CONFESSED DRUGGIST

an alleged Cosby victim and were released to the AP today. The information contained within was shocking: Testifying under oath, Cosby admitted to acquiring quaaludes with the intent of giving the powerful sedatives to young women he hoped to have sex with, and he confirmed giving the drug to at least one woman and "other people." As CNN reported, Cosby and his lawyers fought to keep the incriminating court documents hidden, claiming their release would "embarrass" Cosby and violate his privacy. In a cosmically just twist,

I, ANONYMOUS

To submit an unsigned confession or accusation, send an e-mail to ianonymous@thestranger.com. Please remember to change the names of the innocent and guilty



ARMCHAIR PSYCHOANALYST

You are depressed. We all watch you being depressed every day. You can't even keep your head from sagging like a rag doll. It's pathetic. As a survivor of chronic depression myself, I should have sympathy for you, but I don't. The reason is that your depression is entirely your own fault (just as my depression was my fault). You are depressed because you are self-obsessed. Do you ever feel like people don't want to talk to you? It's because you only talk about yourself. Let me give you a tip: If you want to talk to somebody, ask them a question about their life. Don't just walk up and make a statement about your own. If you start pretending to be interested in other people's lives, then maybe one day you actually will be, and then you will have friends and no more reason to be depressed.

—Anonymous

US District judge Eduardo Robreno ruled that Cosby sacrificed his right to absolute privacy through his extensive public moralizing, which typically involved Cosby berating black Americans for what he perceived as their failures. Striking down Cosby's arguments that his private court transcripts were none of the Associated Press's business, Robreno wrote, 'The stark contrast between Bill Cosby, the public moralist, and Bill Cosby, the subject of serious allegations concerning improper (and perhaps criminal) conduct, is a matter as to which the AP—and by extension the public—has a significant interest." Among those with a more-than-significant interest in today's damning transcripts: Cosby's many accusers, who rejoiced at having the denial-spewing Cosby caught under oath. "I kept it a secret because I was afraid to talk about it, because of Mr. Cosby's power," said Cosby accuser Joan Tarshis to CNN. "Then, when we came out, and lots of other women started to come out, we were called liars. I'm just so relieved that the truth has come out.'

TUESDAY, JULY 7 The week continued with an update on a story that recently appeared in this column, concerning the rash of fires that have damaged at least eight African American churches across the southern United States in the weeks since a well-armed racist fatally shot nine parishioners at Charleston, South Carolina's Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church. The engine of todav's update: the coalition of Muslim groups that came together to launch an online fundraiser to help rebuild the burned churches. "It's Ramadan, and we are experiencing firsthand the beauty and sanctity of our mosques during this holy month," reads the coalition's statement on its LaunchGood fundraising page. "All houses of worship are sanctuaries, a place where all should feel safe." "The coalition-which consists of US organizations Muslim Anti-Racism Collaborative and the Arab American Association of New York as well as digital startup Ummah Wide—has so far raised over \$23,000 in five days," reported Al Jazeera America. "After the campaign ends on July 18, the money will be given to pastors of the burned churches that need it most, the groups said."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8 Meanwhile in Seattle, the week continued with a freaky story involving Shilla, the well-regarded Korean restaurant at Eighth and Denny owned by Scott Koh, who today faced charges of kidnapping and assault after allegedly getting a number of his employees to help him exact revenge on his estranged



WTF?

wife's boyfriend.
"Prosecutors say
[boyfriend] Chris
McMonagle was
kidnapped and
tortured—tased
over and over,
then beaten,"
reported KING
5. "After spend-

ing days in Harborview Medical Center, Mc-Monagle was in court Wednesday, facing Koh, the alleged mastermind of the plan." During today's court proceedings, Koh and three of his employees pleaded not guilty to **kidnapping and assault** in front of a courtroom packed with friends and supporters there to validate Koh's stature in the community. Prosecutors, however, weren't having it: "A person can be

SPONSORED CONTENT

Thanks for NOTHING, Nordstrom Rack

Created in Partnership with Marshalls—Never Pay Full Price for Fabulous

ou know how much I love my Facebook news feed. And not just because it allows me to keep up with all my friends without ever having to see them face-to-face, LOL. But seriously. It's where I get most of my news and pretty much all of my information about the world around me, for better or worse. So you

can imagine how excited I was to see the ad for Nordstrom Rack's Men's Shoes Clearance Sale with prices starting at \$7 accompanied by a picture of a pair of sweet green brogues. Well, I clicked on the link and all I can say is CAVEAT EMPTOR (sp?).

Where do I begin? First off, once I'd gotten on the site, I couldn't even find the shoes in the picture, so that was a big bowlful of fuck you right there. But then I thought,



be cool. It's sort of like when you're on Tinder and see some super-hot lady, and then you swipe right only to find out the picture was taken when she was in high school and now she's 36 and married to a US Marine. (Long story.) But I'm a positive person, so I decided to keep looking. That was my like eighth mistake. As if my day wasn't already ruined, every pair of shoes I liked—like those Navy Suede Frank Wright Totton Chukka Boots, for just one example—was either sold out of my size (11W) or way more than \$7. WAY MORE.

I finally found some totally rad Giraldi boots, only to discover that the different colors were DIFFERENT PRICES. The taupe ones were \$16, but the navy ones were \$29.97. What the fuck is going on here? Am I living in fucking North Korea? I honestly don't know if I've ever felt so betrayed.

I bought the taupe ones, but I filled out my credit-card information with a sense of regret and resignation that is honestly causing me pain to even share with you now. Never again, I vowed. Never again.

So thanks for nothing, Nordstrom Rack.

intelligent, kind, and generous to those he cares about, but also **controlling**, **manipulative**, **and violent** to those who cross him, and that is what Scott Koh was," said a prosecuting attorney. "He saw his estranged wife slipping away into the arms of another man, and he enlisted a team to savagely beat the victim, torture him, and eliminate him." Koh remains held on a half-million-dollars bail.

THURSDAY, JULY 9 Nothing happened today, including the four million trips typically taken daily on the **London subway system**, thanks to the striking transportation workers whose push for better wages left millions of Londoners scrambling to get their asses around town. A follow-up strike is planned for August 5.

FRIDAY, JULY 10 Meanwhile in South Carolina, today brought the way-too-late-but-still-appreciated **removal of the Confederate flag** from the grounds of the state capitol, with the pro-slavery flag relegated to a "relic room" at a state-run military museum.



RACIST RELIC REMOVED

"The Civil War flag, which had flown at the State House for 54 years, came down less than a month after a white gunman killed nine black men and women in a historic Charleston church," reported Reuters. "In Washington, the Federal Bureau of Investigation said on Friday that the man charged in the massacre, Dylann Roof, was erroneously able to buy a gun due to a mix-up in a federal background check." Now that we've got the flag issue

settled, it's time to address the fucking guns.

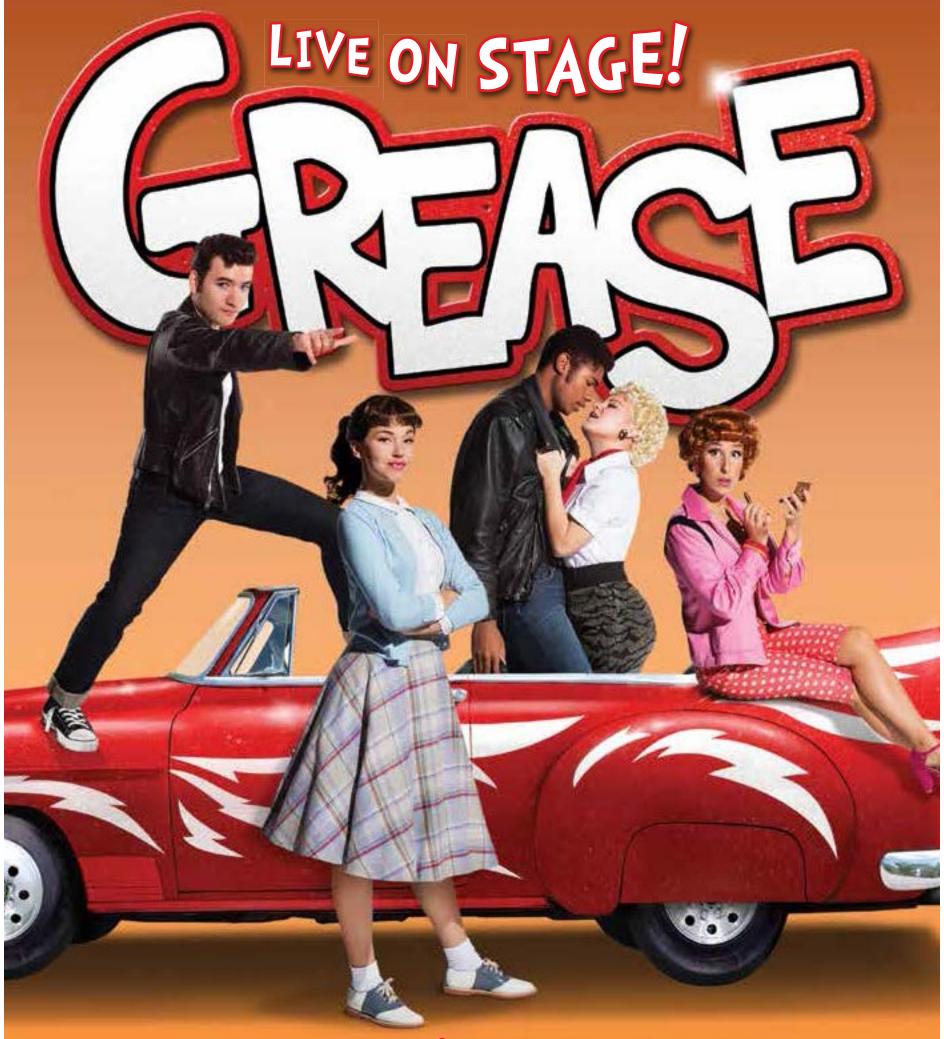
SATURDAY, JULY 11 In lighter news, the week continued with some A-plus public declarations made by a pair of twentysomething women having a boozy brunch at a Beacon Hill cafe and overheard by Last Days, who was seated at a nearby table. Among the proclamations that caught our ear with inimitable twentysomethingness: "I've noticed that's a reoccurring theme of me," "I think eating prevents me from feeling weird," "I miss Robin! I haven't seen her in a week," and "Wherever you go, there you are—thanks, Yoda!"

SUNDAY, JULY 12 The week ended with a return to the saga of Bill Cosby, thanks to a NewYork Post story offering insight into the saga's most mysterious player: Camille Cosby, the disgraced comedian's wife of 51 years, who remains her husband's business manager and most ardent defender. Regarding the release of Bill's under-oath quaalude confession: "Camille still doesn't believe that Bill provided drugs and had sex with women without their consent," a source employed by the Cosby family told the Post. "She's well aware of his cheating, but she doesn't believe that her husband is a rapist." Said another Cosby-affiliated source: "The more people stand against him, the more she perceives it as an affront to her and all that she's done to make him a star." Condolences to Camille Cosby, who sealed herself to a man who only wants sex when his partner appears dead, and good luck to prosecutors in Los Angeles and Las Vegas, who are now reassessing five decades of sexual-assault allegations against her husband.

Send hot tips to lastdays@thestranger.com and follow me on Twitter @davidschmader.

 $Address\ the\ fucking\ guns\ at$

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HOLY SHIT There are 47 candidates fighting for nine spots on the Seattle City Council this year.

The Stranger's Endorsements for the **August 2015 Primary Election!**

We've Got Districts, Motherfuckers—and Everyone in Seattle Is Running for Office. So Pop Open a Shandy, Tear Open Your Ballot, and Vote How We Tell You to in Races for City Council, Port Commission, and—Kill Us Now—School Board BY THE STRANGER ELECTION CONTROL BOARD

emember when we said it'd be "our dream come true" to have the Seattle City Council elected through a district system, and then demanded you vote for the idea? Yeah, we

don't either. But the internet tells us it happened a couple years back, and look—district elections are finally here! Good job, stoners!

And hey, it turns out we were right back in 2013 when we wrote that district elections would be a glorious, incumbent-rattling shitshow. Just the threat of district elections scared two shitty incumbents and one decent one—Tom "NIMBY Love" Rasmussen, Nick "NIMBY Like" Licata, and Sally "I Can't Decide" Clark—into early retirement. (We're going to miss you, Nick.) There are now 47 shitstains hopefuls running to represent one of seven geographical districts or one of two citywide council seats. Hooray for democracy and delusions of electability! And hooray for some new blood to take on everything that's fucking up life in Seattle right now, from out-of-control rents to out-of-control cops to out-of-commission tunnel-boring machines.

port commission and school board. (Ah, the

But what we didn't dream about when we were dreaming about district elections was having to do candidate interviews with 47 fuckwits hopefuls running for city council, plus a few more running for Seattle's

The Stranger Election Control Board is Sydney Brownstone, Heidi Groover, Ansel Herz, Tim Keck, Brendan Kiley, Kathleen Richards, Eli Sanders, Dan Savage, and that one remaining affordable apartment building that just got torn down. The Stranger does not endorse in uncontested races—of which there are zero this year, you fucking animals—or in races we forgot about because pot. Readers of our endorsements are legally obligated to vote a straight SECB ticket.

Seattle School Board, that graveyard of good intentions and political aspirations. Every few years, we toss a few goo-goo lambs into that wood chipper only to have more goo-goo lambs show up at our next round of endorsement interviews.) Add 90-degree heat and

a dank conference room to this clusterfuck, and we had candidates shouting "Fuck!" at the Stranger Election Control Board (which got us even hotter), complaining about pebbles being thrown in the room, alleging conspiracies, talking about

"resting bitch face," yammering on about themselves in the third person (Bruce Harrell is looking at you, Bruce Harrell), talking about flamethrowers, and looking straight at an SECB member and telling him that he was

"dead-ass wrong"-and being right! More on that one later, it was special.

This here list of SECB-endorsed candidates took real effort—sweaty effort—but we got through it with the help of legal weed and summer shandies. (We're officially endors-

We had candidates

shouting "Fuck!" alleging

conspiracies, talking

about "resting bitch

face," and yammering

on about themselves

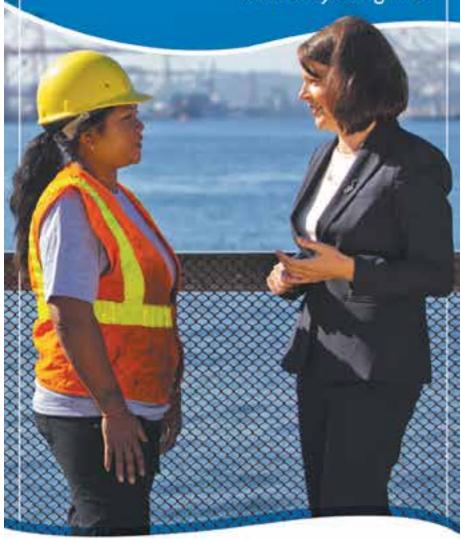
in the third person.

ing that drink, by the way!) So pour yourself one-we're partial to equal parts ginger beer and real beer—open your ballot, grab a pen, and help elect a city council that might suck less; help elect a port commission that might be less likely

to welcome a giant, planet-destroying Arctic oil-drilling platform into Elliott Bay; and help toss a few more doomed baby lambs into the school-board wood chipper. Then get your ballot in by August 4 and go back to the beach!

"I'm proud to fight for our shared progressive values on the Port Commission. We've achieved higher wages for working families and strong environmental protections. But there's more to be done. With your support, we can continue to make progress for all. I would appreciate your vote."

- Courtney Gregoire



Courtney Gregoire for Seattle Port Commission

courtneygregoire.com

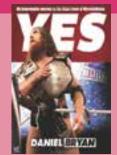
Paid for by Friends of Courtney Gregoire 119 First Avenue South, Suite 320 Seattle, WA 98104





Shanna Mahin in conversation with Garth Stein Oh! You Pretty Things

Monday, July 20 at 7pm



es!: My Improbable Journey to

the Main Event of Wrestlemania
(St. Martin's) Thursday, July 30 at 7pm
The untold story surrounding the "YES" chant that evolved to full-fledged movement, skyrocketing his career. Receive your signing line ticket with your purchase of Yes!: My Improbable Journey to the Main Event of Wrestlemania. at Third Place Books. Details at www.thirdplacebooks.com. TICKET REQUIRED SIGNING ONLY



Deb Caletti The Secrets She Keeps

Friday, July 31 at 6:30pm



www.thirdplace books.com

DIRECTOR OF ELECTIONS Julie Wise

COUNTY

Around here, we elect the director of the Department of Elections. "It's just as stupid as it sounds," the SECB wrote in 2007. We begged you not to make this an elected position—but you didn't listen and you voted to



make this position, which should be a civilservice gig, into an elected position. Okay, fine. If we have to elect our elections director—so stupid—then we want a rabid wonk who lives and breathes voter access and gargles with election minutia and oh, look, here's Julie Wise, who's spent 13 years "in love with elections" and is currently the deputy director of King County Elections. "This is my passion," Wise told the SECB, promising to increase the number of ballot drop boxes in the county—about time, stamps aren't free and to stave off online voting until security concerns are resolved. We fell so hard for Wise's election love that we could barely hear what her challengers, neither of whom were anywhere near as experienced, had to say to us. Or maybe the pot lozenges we passed around before the meeting were kicking in when it was their turn to talk. Who knows? Vote Wise.

PORT OF SEATTLE COMMISSIONER POSITION NO. 2 Courtney Gregoire

The five port commissioners currently representing King County function like one white, rich sphincter of indifference that will open for anything that throws the port money. The only problem with this sphincter is that it HUGELY shapes everything that surrounds



it—like the \$300 million in port money going to that FUCKING DOWNTOWN TUNNEL and the not-yet-paid-for Duwamish River cleanup, par exemple.

The port commission answers to hardly anyone but the big maritime and airline interests that fuel its campaigns, which is how Seattle ended up hosting a Shell drilling rig that will go probe the melting Arctic for oil and gas. Courtney Gregoire, the daughter

of former governor Chris Gregoire, made impassioned speeches about the fragility of Arctic ecosystems, Shell's boneheaded mission, and the role of elected officials to stop it. But she didn't use her position to force a vote—or a longer public process—that might have kept Shell's drilling rig from parking on port property.

So, yeah, Gregoire screwed that up. (But hey, nice speeches!) So why endorse her? For starters, her challengers are the biggest pair of sweaty, mansplainy assholes the SECB has ever had to share an airless conference room with. (And we regularly have to share a conference room with both Dan Savage and Tim Keck, so that's saying something.) And Gregoire did introduce SOME legislation to increase the wages of SOME airport workers. But not all the workers—because the port refused to adopt SeaTac's \$15 ordinance! Best of all: After one of the most batshit, pedantic SECB meetings ever, Gregoire shouted "Fuck!" at the SECB and peaced. That, along with Gregoire's insistence that she'd made mistakes on the Shell deal and learned from them, makes us believe that Gregoire has the potential to stand up for what's right. (And you know how we love them F-bombs.) Hopefully, she'll find a friend in whoever is elected to Position No. 5 and find the spine to push policies that actually benefit the people of King County, not just the oil companies looking to park their world-destroying floating Death Stars in the Duwamish Waterway. Vote Gregoire

COMMISSIONER POSITION NO. 5 Fred Felleman

Bill Bryant—a poor man's Mitt Romney—is leaving the port commission to run for governor, and you know what that means: Jay Inslee will win a second term and someone who isn't an amoral smarm machine could wind up filling Bryant's seat on the port. Hooray! Our

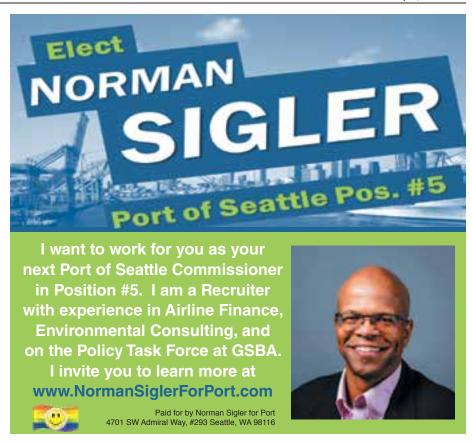
What the port commission needs is someone who knows it well enough to change it from the inside out.

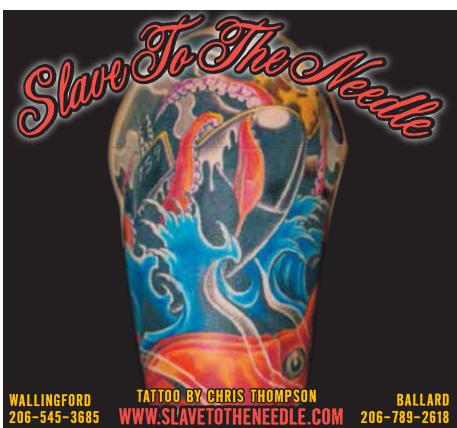
nine contenders for Position 5 represent some of what we might expect in a port race: a guy backed by Delta, a guy backed by the maritime industry, a labor-union rep who supports coal exports, and more.

As mentioned, the port is a shadowy, greed-driven racket that operates with almost no oversight. What the port commission needs is someone who knows it well enough to change it from the inside out. Fred Felleman could be that guy. He's a fisheries biologist by training, he has fought for nitty-gritty environmental gains at the port over the last nine years, and he's the only candidate with good, specific ideas on how to clean up port pollution. Other candidates had some okay ideas, too, like Norman Sigler, who wanted a truth and reconciliation commission to address what's happened to the Duwamish River in the last 150 years. But the port desperately needs someone who knows enough about its sordid inner workings to call bullshit and stand up to the port staff who run the show. Fred Felleman is that guy. Vote Felleman.

CITY OF SEATTLE CITY COUNCIL **COUNCIL DISTRICT NO. 1** Lisa Herbold

West Seattle—as West Seattle will definitely tell you—is its own special place, full of mommy bloggers, beach volleyballers, old white guys on Harleys, secessionists, ▶





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Life is calling. How far will you go?









■working-class heroes, garage-sale maniacs, Christmas-light enthusiasts, and new immigrant communities. Now it's also crawling with candidates. Nine—NINE!—people are running to represent this neighborhood on the city council. That's so many people that we had to clear the bulk shipments of cock rings off the extra chairs in our office when we invited them all in to tell us why they deserve this job.

There are a bunch of unqualified dildos in this race, a few semi-qualified dildos, and one or two actual human beings. The human who deserves your vote is Lisa Herbold. She's been a legislative aide to Nick Licata since he started on the council in 7600 BC, and her work for Licata helped get us paid sick leave. mandatory rental housing inspections, and a new city department to enforce our labor laws. Herbold needs sharper transit ideas (more bus-only lanes, plz), but her housing chops are impressive. She's pushing for better protections for renters, a linkage fee to make developers fund affordable housing, inclusionary zoning to make developers keep affordable units in new structures, and free pot lozenges at city council meeting where we have to listen to people talk about zoning. If you live in West Seattle because it's more affordable—we hear that's a thing—Herbold is the candidate most likely to help it stay that way. Vote Herbold.

COUNCIL DISTRICT NO. 2 Bruce Harrell

We've never endorsed Bruce Harrell before. (Unless you count us calling him a "fucktard incumbent" as points in his favor.) But we're endorsing him now. Are we high? Of course we are—don't be ridiculous—but that doesn't have anything to do with it.

Here's the thing. Harrell's biggest accomplishment is "banning the box"-outlawing check-box questions about one's criminal record on job applications in order to stop employment discrimination against ex-cons

We've never endorsed Bruce Harrell before. Are we high? Of course we are, but that doesn't have anything to do with it.

and people of color, who are disproportionately prosecuted and jailed by the criminal justice system. That was a major deal—one we didn't pay enough attention to when it happened—but Harrell has been on the city council for seven and a half years and should have more to show for it. This year, Harrell is facing criticism that he hasn't been tough enough on police oversight in his position as chair of the council's public safety committee, and his main challenger is Tammy Morales, a progressive with good intentions but not enough specifics. She takes Harrell to task for falling short on police reform and not coming around soon enough on good issues,

like paid sick leave. Sing it, sister. We agree. But we aren't convinced Morales would be any better. When we asked her what she would do differently from Harrell, she sent us the e-mail equivalent of bird shit splatter.

When we asked Harrell for a full accounting of his record at the council, he sent us a 10-page PDF in which he talks about himself in the third person (we're not kidding). "A logical conclusion," he wrote at the end of the monologue about his biography, "is that this same person would deliver and create a record of excellence." Um, okay! But excellence is not the word that comes to mind when you look at your record. Once again: You've been on the city council for seven and a half years. Bruce, by now you should be running on a record of excellence, not promising to create that record three or four terms from now.

The SECB hopes that the new district election system will make Harrell a better city councillor. Harrell will now be serving one part of the city—a long-neglected part of the city that struggles with bad policing, poverty, displacement, and unsafe infrastructure. Southeast Seattle has barely benefitted from Citywide Harrell but could definitely benefit from District Harrell. And now that he only needs District 2 voters to reelect him,



maybe Harrell can stop caving to the wealthy interests that have long backed him (hey there, Comcast!) and start getting aggressive on issues that might make a real difference to his district even when they run counter to those wealthy interests (hey there, municipal broadband!). Harrell fancies himself the swing vote on the council. But he needs to start swinging for the fences on issues that could really help his new constituents, a smaller—and poorer—slice of the city.

And just to be super clear: You haven't earned our endorsement, Bruce, you're getting our endorsement by default. (Unlike the pansy-asses at the Seattle Times, the SECB doesn't take the "no endorsement in this race" cop-out.) Make some shit happen, and next time—because you're on the council for life, right?—we'll be able to endorse you like we mean it. Oh, and those accusations you made against the SECB in two off-therecord conversations with individual SECB members? Total bullshit and easily refuted. We dare you to say that shit on the record.

COUNCIL DISTRICT NO. 3 Kshama Sawant

Comrades! Let us take another step forward in the righteous, people-powered, scent-free struggle to overthrow the greedy capitalists and create a Socialist utopia on Puget Sound, a place where a giant state apparatus will ensure that you have no concerns. Ha-ha-ha. No. That's not going to happen. That's never going to happen. And even if it does happen, sometime after we're all dead and wrong,



we promise our desiccated corpses will keep having concerns to complain about. But let us reelect Kshama Sawant anyway!

Sawant's election and her work after being elected were instrumental in getting Seattle a \$15 minimum wage. Now she wants to force the question of rent control at the state level (she wants the state to give Seattle the power to consider rent-control measures), which a

Yes, Sawant's style has bunched the collective panties of her colleagues. But those panties needed bunching.

lot of political types are saying is impossible. You know what else they said was impossible? A \$15 minimum wage.

Yes, Sawant's style—her inspiring badassery—has bunched the collective panties of her colleagues on the council and the mayor. But those panties needed bunching. And don't be fooled: "She who shall not be named"—as Sawant started calling herself when other council members took to criticizing her while refusing to say "Sawant" out loud—is more than just a necessary disrupter of the Seattle-nice process that blocks reform and preserves the status quo. Her activism as a council member—marching with Black Lives Matter protesters, working to call attention to increased violence against LGBT residents of Capitol Hill, riding in a Duwamish tribal canoe to protest Shell's Arctic drilling rig—has pulled the council and the mayor to the left. Would Council Member Mike O'Brien be getting detained at protests if Sawant weren't in the mix? Would Mayor Ed Murray be hopping onto flatbed pickup trucks and leading union rallies? No and no.

On the downside, Sawant was the lone vote against the confirmation of Seattle police chief Kathleen O'Toole-which now seems like a mistake to us—and, perhaps because she loves a righteous defeat, she's light on passed legislation. (Another scenario: The hacks at city hall are pulling a McGinn on Sawant: attack her, refuse to work with her, and then accuse her of being divisive and incapable of working with anyone.) But Sawant's strong line on fixing the Seattle Police Department (she gives the mayor a grade somewhere between a D- to F on police reform), her demands for publicly financed affordable housing in this city, and her insistence on progressive taxation to pay for better transit represent a perspective that this city needs to hear as these issues get debated and (hopefully) addressed.

Sawant's challengers left us underwhelmed. Morgan Beach has good things to say on gender pay equity but hasn't lived here long, seems uninformed on some issues, and admits she doesn't have a chance. Rod Hearne helped lead the final stages of the fight for

marriage equality in Washington State, but he seriously sat in our offices and argued that Sawant has to go because she makes people in Bellevue uncomfortable. (You know who else makes people in Bellevue uncomfortable? Gays and lesbians, pot smokers, young people, musicians, artists, sex workers—basically a huge chunk of the people who live in District 3.) And local Urban League president Pamela Banks was unsteady once we got into the details of housing affordability and tax policy. (For example, she said at a forum that she was against an income tax and then told the SECB she was for a state income tax but against a city income tax—which makes no sense.)

Sawant still won't tell us exactly what a fully realized Socialist revolution will look like. But her presence and her politics are having a hugely positive impact on city politics. Vote Sawant.

COUNCIL DISTRICT NO. 4 Michael Maddux

The SECB has real concerns Michael Maddux might work himself into a quaalude stupor and be found parked on some Laurelhurst lawn muttering about how it all could have gone so well for him in Northeast Seattle's District 4. (The phrase "our very own Rob Ford" was actually thrown around in our meetings.) The dude tends to act first and think later.

But if that happens—we hope it won'tit'll at least be interesting. You know what would be worse? Another four years of Jean Godden. While the city outside her office burns in a garbage fire of rent hikes, hate crimes, and racist cops, Jean Godden is napping at her desk until the mayor calls and asks her to do his bidding. Sure, Godden talks a lot about gender pay equity, but she's not getting shit done on that issue. Meanwhile, she's flat-out ignoring other pressing issues. Godden couldn't even bring herself to list housing affordability on the "Issues" page of her campaign website. NEXT, PLEASE.

Michael Maddux will be the anti-Godden. A gay single dad who rents a basement apartment, Maddux is living the city's biggest issues right this second. He's a feisty longtime Democratic Party operative who happily

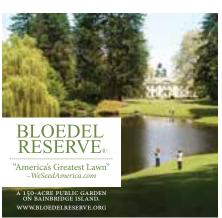


splashed around in last year's shit-bath of a debate over a new parks district—ZZZZZZ and ew—so that the rest of us wouldn't have to. He wants to push progressive taxation like the employee head tax Kshama Sawant and Nick Licata have been trying to make happen. He wants better transit, city-owned affordable housing, and a new shelter for LG-BTQ youth—and he wants to pay for it all by raising taxes on the city's richest assholes.

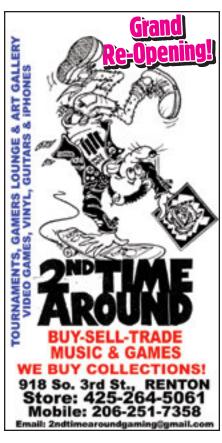
The other Godden challengers include young dude Abel Pacheco, an interesting candidate and someone who should run again someday. Pacheco needs seasoning, and his iffy stances on police reform were a clear disqualifier. Maddux's main competition to make it to the general election with Godden is a preppy transportation nerd named Rob Johnson. Johnson would be better than ▶













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◄ Godden—a pile of the used condoms we step over in Cal Anderson Park on the way to work would make a better city council member than circa 2015 Jean Godden—but Johnson is taking cash from the miscreants over at the chamber of commerce and the Seattle Restaurant Alliance. Vote Maddux.

COUNCIL DISTRICT NO. 5 **Debora Juarez**

North Seattle is more than legal weed shops around the Aurora Bridge. North Seattle is also a lot of single-family housing, a place with awful transit options, and a bunch of neighborhoods that seriously lack in sidewalks. But waynorth Seattle is also offering up a brand-new seat to the city council, and lots of interesting newcomers are running. Like Debora Juarez. This lady's 56 and gives us 2015-Rihanna "Bitch Better Have My Money" vibes. (WE ENDORSE ANYONE WHO FLASHES RI-HANNA VIBES.) Juarez, a member of the Blackfeet Nation, grew up on the Puyallup Indian Reservation, served as a public defender, is a two-time cancer survivor, landed a brief gig as a judge at the King County Superior Court, and was a trial attorney for one of the biggest tribal treaty rights cases of the fucking century. That said, she did pull a weird, lawyerly dodge on a question about Shell's presence at the Port of Seattle. While Juarez says she's anti-Arctic drilling, she also believes the city council shouldn't have challenged the port's jurisdiction and blargh blah blahhh. Fuck, does she even WANT The Stranger's endorsement? We resent Juarez for not handing us that one, but we're endorsing her regardless. We want to see her turn the volume up on her social-justice activist/Bitch Better Have My Money side while dialing down Lawyers-Can-Dodge-Anything



Debora. Mercedes Elizalde, a program coordinator at the Low Income Housing Institute, and Halei Watkins, a Planned Parenthood organizer, are also super strong, progressive contenders in this race; we think they should run again. But vote Juarez.

COUNCIL DISTRICT NO. 6 Mike O'Brien

Seattle really needs Mike O'Brien to keep doing his thing. He's a key leader on climate change, pushing for divestment and engaging in kayaktivist civil disobedience against Shell's Arctic drilling rig. (*Fist bump.*) This year, he'll need to stand his ground, corral his colleagues into staring down threats from developers, and make sure that the "grand bargain" he recently forced to fund thousands more units of affordable housing in the city gets implemented without getting watered down. (*Fist bump #2.*) He's the only council member who has opposed the downtown tunnel boondoggle from the start, and it will be up to him to doggedly hold the lying bureaucrats running it accountable. We need him in the trenches, fighting the good fight, and none of his jokey, inexperienced challengers made a credible case for unseating him. (But we wish cool-grandpa Stan Shaufler, who has no campaign website, was running in a different race so we could endorse him, too. Dude is smart as hell and has run a sawmill, directed a wooden boat school, and built submarines. Swoon.)

The incontinent codgers at the Seattle Times editorial board dismiss O'Brien as a "far-lefty." That's music to our ears. Too bad O'Brien, who bikes to City Hall, describes himself-and his political style—as "Seattle nice."

Mike? Dude. You're a politician. Let go of "nice." You know that moneyed interests almost



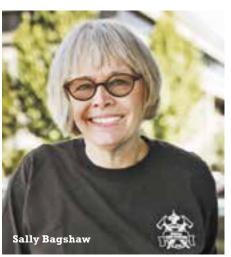
always carry the day at city hall. That angers us, and it should anger you. And wouldn't it be great, Mike, if everyone on the city council stopped fronting? Drop the niceties, Mike, and go fuck somebody up. Our suggestion: Tim Burgess, who ruthlessly prevented you from bringing a campaign-finance proposal to the floor for a vote last year—remember that, Mike? Yes. Yes! Let the rage boil up inside you.

COUNCIL DISTRICT NO. 7 Sally Bagshaw

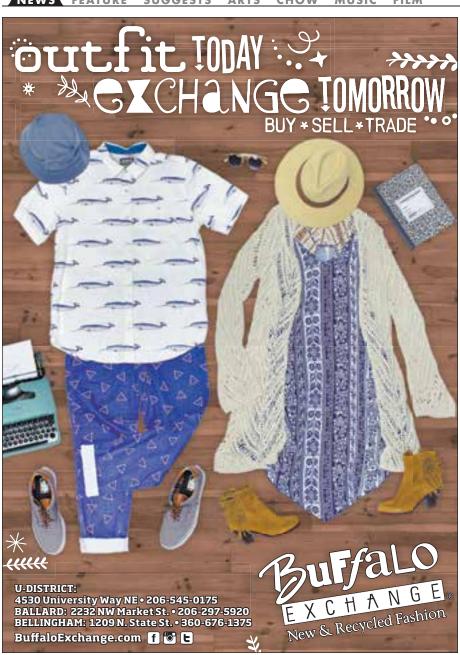
LIBERAL HULK SMASH. Vote O'Brien.

Sally Bagshaw failed to take us out on either her airplane or her sailboat this year, she's a foe of district elections (worrying Seattle will now get stuck in "ward politics"), she's impossible to pin down on how much developers should be paving in linkage fees to fund affordable housing, and she told us we need to "stay the course" (borrowing a phrase from George W. Bush) on the insane, irresponsible, money-sucking, never-ending morass that is the downtown tunnel project. So, basically, we would have been ready to put Bagshaw on a sailboat ride into retirement if her two lame-ass challengers didn't make her look AWESOME. Deborah Zech Artis picked a video voters' guide taping over her meeting with the SECB—total Godden move; she did the same thing to us-and Google engineer Gus Hartmann... good lord.

This guy showed up looking very tech now—chunky glasses, Fitbit-looking watch, clothes that probably cost more than the SECB's collective wardrobe—and told us he was running because the new tech arrivals in this city act like their mere presence is such a civic good that the rest of Seattle should bow and scrape and thank them. We were with Hartmann until it turned out he had shown up to our meeting with zero-literally, zero—actual ideas for what should ▶



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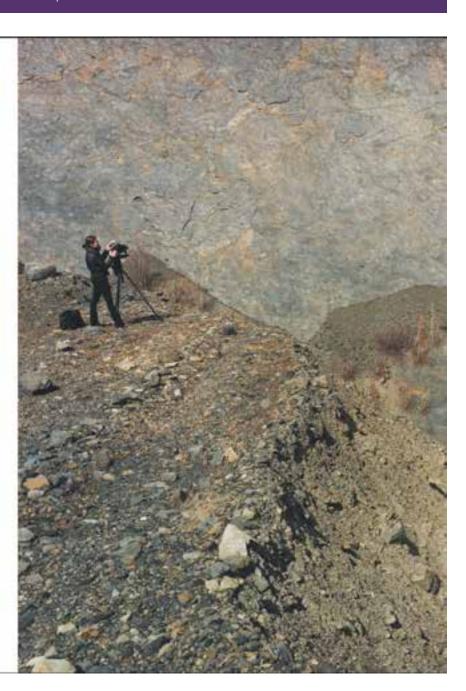
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 ◆ change in this city. In other words, he felt that his mere presence in this race was such a civic good that the SECB should bow and scrape and endorse him. In other words, he was exactly exemplifying the problem he supposedly launched his candidacy to combat. We were not pleased, and after a bit of a verbal thrashing, Hartmann admitted that showing up and wasting our time was "literally the least I could do." You got that right, Gus.

Bagshaw, by way of contrast, came to life during a glorious pissing match with a misinformed SECB member who accused her of voting to block more homeless encampments. "You're dead-ass wrong," Bagshaw told himand she was dead-ass right! Vote Bagshaw.

COUNCIL POSITION NO. 8 Jon Grant

City council president Tim Burgess is Seattle's Tywin Lannister. (That's a Game of Thrones reference, people. Seriously, hold up photos of them side by side. THEY'RE LIKE TWIN BEADY-EYED BALDING EAGLES.) But Tim's resemblance to the power behind the Iron Throne goes beyond the physical: Both are ruthless, condescending men with a firm grip on power.

Burgess does terrible things with his power. He's backed the disastrous downtown tunnel project, opposed local progressive taxation measures while hypocritically complaining about the state's regressive tax system, tried and failed to criminalize panhandling, shot down campaign finance reform, and voted



against funding homeless encampments. His signature project, a universal prekindergarten program for kids, is a huge achievement—but it would have been easier to celebrate if Burgess had managed to tamp down his condescendo-meter and collaborate with local daycare workers' unions instead of ending up in an epic fight with them. Seattle needs to harness the energy of grassroots progressives in order to address growing wealth inequality and a housing market that's spiraling out of control. But Burgess hates grassroots lefties. You can read it on his ruthless, condescending face.

We want to see Jonathan "the rent is too damn high" Grant on the city council dais instead. Grant is the former director of the Tenants Union of Washington State, where he's done yeoman's work on a shoestring budget assisting the masses of Seattle renters with their shitty landlords. Grant says he's been "fighting Tim Burgess tooth and nail" on affordable housing for years. And okay, he's probably the nerdiest candidate we're endorsing. But if Grant can marry his off-putting brand of nerdiness to savvv political work, we trust he will make this city a more affordable place to live. Although, just so ya know: Nerdiness may not be a strong enough a word to describe Grant's demeanor. Snarling, impatient piety seems to be his default setting. We wouldn't want to see him glowering at us in our offices every day, but we do think being locked in a room with a humorless wonk with a serial-killer vibe is just what some of Grant's potential future colleagues on the council deserve.

Plus, he'll be independent and strong on police accountability reforms. He fully supports the recommendations of the department's civilian oversight commissioners, whereas Burgess has been all but silent in public about the issue, content to play second fiddle on the issue to Mayor Ed Murray, who hasn't advanced the reforms in more than a year. Grant says the council has

We want to see Jonathan "the rent is too damn high" Grant on the city council dais. Grant says he's been "fighting Tim Burgess tooth and nail" on affordable housing for years.

made "glacial" progress under Burgess's leadership, and he's 100 percent right.

Oh, we sure liked John Roderick, the former lead singer of the Long Winters who's fresh on the political scene. Yes, he's poetic and dashing and once wrote a book called Electric Aphorisms. We think he even said a few of them to us, and they sounded delicious, but we needed to hear fully-fleshed-out policy proposals that can stand up to the Burgess Machine. And we didn't.

But either Grant or Roderick would be a better choice than Burgess—we'd stir them together into one charismatic-former-rock-star/ kinda-ragey-housing-wonk supercandidate if we could. Whichever one doesn't make it through the primary should work for the other in the general election campaign.

So, yeah, vote Grant, but in the end, ABB—anyone but Burgess.

COUNCIL POSITION NO. 9 Lorena González

Lorena González used to work for Mayor Ed Murray, has the endorsement of former council wet blanket Sally Clark, and has received \$700 from the reform-blocking dickbags in the police union, so we went into this meeting really not wanting to like her. But she is a badass. González is a civil rights attorney and past president of OneAmerica. She says she grew up in a Spanish-speaking migrant farmworker household in the Yakima Valley, where she earned her first paycheck at 8 years old.

Remember the Latino man a Seattle cop threatened to "beat the fucking Mexican piss" out of? She does, too—because she represented him in his lawsuit against the city. (She won



him a \$150,000 settlement.) She's also worked on a string of other excessive-force cases in Seattle, Lynnwood, and Brewster. The outcomes have been mixed, but she's more than proven her willingness to take on cops. Once, when an officer who had tased a Latina woman testified in court that getting tased was like feeling static shock from a doorknob,

González challenged him to take his Taser out right there in court and zap her in front of the jury. He refused. In a town where it can, apparently, be hard for elected officials to stand up to cops, we think González will break that mold. Plus, at one point in our meeting, she said she's been told she has "Resting Bitch Face"—and she does not appear to give one fuck. Vote González.

SCHOOL BOARD

SEATTLE SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 1, DIRECTOR DISTRICT NO. 3 Jill Geary

We can't figure out where Jill Geary's bizarro accent is from-Australian with a splash of Canadian?—but we liked what we heard. Geary spoke passionately about closing the school-to-prison pipeline for students of color, supporting teacher and student boycotts of excessive standardized testing, and proactively pushing the district to put in place a curriculum that respects and sheds light on the real history of Native Americans. Click like! Go team! Expect Geary, an attorney from the same law firm that spawned Council Member Mike O'Brien and former mayor Mike McGinn, to join the school board's progressive bloc.

Her main competitor, Lauren McGuire, didn't offend us, but she didn't give off Geary's laser-intense vibes. Geary seems ready to bully her more reticent colleagues on the board into exerting meaningful oversight over the school district's administrators, whose record is one of attracting the attention of federal investigators over allegations of institutional racism and sexism and lots of other terrible crap. Vote for Geary so she can get in there and fix things.

Ha! Did you see what we did there? We pretended for two whole paragraphs that putting a passionate progressive on the school board will "fix things." Ha-ha-ha! That's

never worked before—why would it work now? Still: Vote Geary.

SEATTLE SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 1, DIRECTOR DISTRICT NO. 6 Leslie Harris

Marty McLaren isn't one of those zombies that break open skulls to devour brains. The diminutive, bespectacled incumbent Seattle school board member talked to us at length about how she is "congenitally driven to listen to all sides," then tried to melt our brains by going on for 30 minutes without citing a single notable accomplishment—because she's the kind of zombie who bores you until your brain liquefies and runs out your ears, then she laps your liquefied brain up off the floor. As if the brain-lapping zombie thing weren't bad enough, McLaren knew nothing about the tribal history curriculum that Seattle schools are required to implement under a new state law. In March, she stymied an attempt by the progressive wing of the school board to pass a resolution against high-stakes testing. And overall she just didn't seem to arrive at our meeting sufficiently alarmed about the fucking mess the district is.

The brain of Nick Esparza, one of McLaren's challengers, seems partially liquefied already. He sent a confounding, incoherent video message to us over the internet. So, hey, let's all vote for the only candidate in the race who isn't a zombie and whose brain appears to be somewhat intact: Leslie Harris. She didn't bother showing up to the SECB interview, but then again, we wouldn't have attended either if we'd had a choice. Harris, a paralegal and longtime PTA volunteer, said her political views align with Sue Peters and Betty Patu—both school board members who've stood up to corporate reformers and who we've happily endorsed in the past. Our dream is that Harris will join forces with them and destroy the board's zombie bloc once and for all. Vote Harris. ■

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For the August 5, 2014 Primary Election

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CITY OF SEATTLE

CITY COUNCIL

Council District No. 1

Lisa Herbold

Council District No. 2

Bruce Harrell

Council District No. 3

Kshama Sawant

Council District No. 4 Michael Maddux

Council District No. 5 Debora Juarez

Council District No. 6 Mike O'Brien

Council District No. 7 Sally Bagshaw

Council Position No. 8 Jon Grant

Council Position No. 9 Lorena Gonzalez

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Jill Geary

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I Feel Like We Say "I Feel Like" All the Time

The Origins,
Annoyances,
and Virtues of One
of English's
Most Popular
Qualifiers

by RICH SMITH

I. Houston, I Feel Like We Have a Problem

feel like we say "I feel like." Like, a lot. The phrase is so ubiquitous that it's invisible, but then some nerd points it out and it's all you can hear.

When did we all start doing this? Why did we start doing this? Should we be doing this?

On one hand, it seems useful. Many people I've asked about it say they learned to say "I feel like" in various conflict-resolution lessons in middle school and high school. It's a distancing tactic. The thinking is that if you couch your opinion as a private emotion, other people won't feel as if you are directly attacking them. That makes sense to me.

On the other hand, using a big, wimpy hedge to obscure nearly every criticism, complaint, observation, or opinion seems annoying, insulting, and transparently deceptive. It's annoying because it gives me extra work to do: If we're having a conversation and you say, "I feel like..." suddenly it's my job to establish the exact nature of your commitment to your own opinion. It's insulting and transparently deceptive because, in those cases when you're using the phrase in a snarky, passive-aggressive way, I feel the need to glare at you and say something like "We're not in a middle-school health class. Please describe your grievance. and I will do my best to help." For the sake of efficiency and honesty, shouldn't we just state plainly our criticisms and desires?

II. I Made a Mistake That I Feel Like I Should Tell You About

For six years, I taught at the college level.

In the grad-school pedagogy courses I took to prepare me for teaching, I read several essays about gender differences among students. One of the foundational texts is called "Sexism in the Classroom," by Maya and David Sadker, which basically says that instructors and students often fall into stereotypical gender roles in the classroom. Women don't speak as often as men, and









DAVID LASE

Using a big, wimpy hedge to obscure nearly every criticism, complaint, observation, or opinion seems annoying, insulting, and transparently deceptive.

when they do speak, they often preface their answers with phrases like "I'm not sure if this is right, but..." "I could be wrong..." and, of course, "I feel like..." Instructors, Sadker and Sadker claimed, needed to be aware of these patterns and needed to make a concerted effort to prevent college classrooms from reflecting the sexism of mainstream American culture.

That essay was written back in the mid-1980s, but Sadker and Sadker's thesis held true in all the courses I taught. While I never had much trouble getting women to talk in class, I noticed that they seemed to begin their claims with big qualifiers, and I was always conflicted about what I should do.

The pedagogical texts seemed to suggest encouraging women not to hedge. However, I wasn't very comfortable perpetuating the patriarchy by telling a woman how she should talk. I did, though, want to prepare them for the boardroom or the surgery room, where people perceive heavily qualified statements as soft or weak.

So every once in a while, I'd stop a student after class and tell her that she didn't have to say "I feel like..." or "I'm not sure if this is right..." before every answer because (1) she was typically correct, and (2) she needed to be direct with her claims in order to compete with other people, typically men, who have been socially conditioned to make direct, unqualified claims all their lives.

Once, after I talked with a student about this, she responded with something like "No no no, Mr. Smith. I qualify like that because if I'm wrong then I'm right because I said I could be wrong, but if I'm right then I seem humbly right and don't come off like a snob."

I thought her answer was so clever that I never again held another student after class for that reason. But was I dooming this clever woman—and the rest of the women I taught in the following years—to a life devoid of leadership positions? What about the boardroom? What about the surgery room?

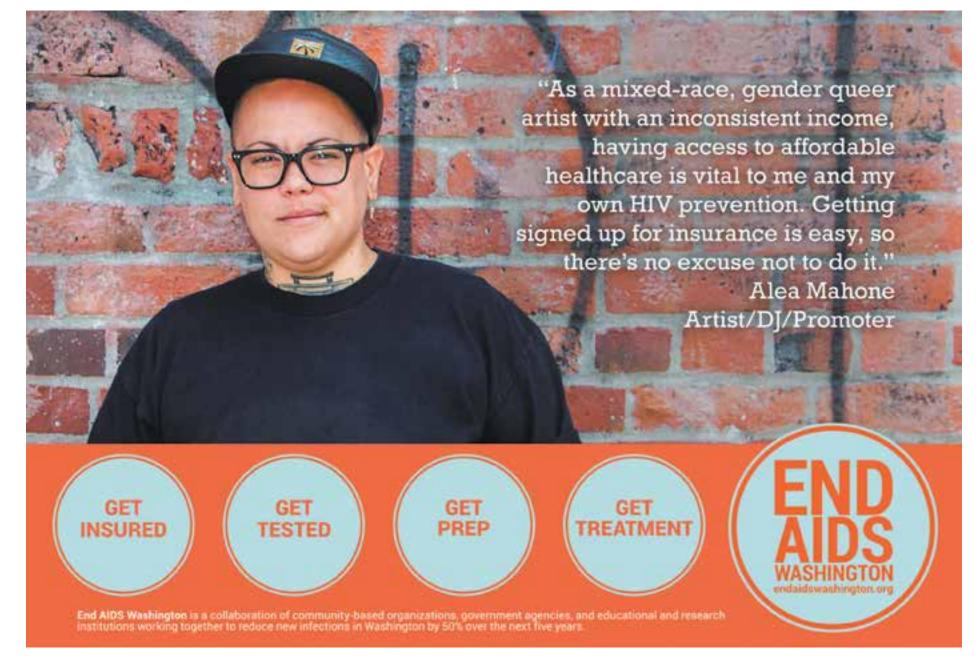
I have since consulted several experts—including Matthew Gordon, an associate \blacktriangleright

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III. First, Let's Talk About Different Kinds of "Feels"

The old-fashioned usage of "I feel" simply means that you feel something, as in, "I feel lonely." In this case, you're citing a specific feeling of loneliness. You can get metaphorical with it, too, as in: "I feel like a crab in a sack." Now you're equating your state with the state of a crab alone in a sack.

The newer usage means "my opinion is"—as in, "I feel that I'm lonely." You could also say, "I feel like I'm lonely." Here, you've become your own therapist. You guess you're lonely, but you're not really sure—maybe your problem is something else entirely. The same thing holds true for the metaphor "I feel like I'm a crab in a sack." Perhaps you do feel like a crab in a sack, but with this construction you leave room for argument, for someone to say, "That's impossible! You're not a crab, you're a person! Get ahold of yourself!"

But what's the cause of this change from "I am feeling" to "my opinion is"? To answer that question, we need to consult the graduate student I mentioned earlier.

Marisa Brook has been researching the change happening with "I feel," and also the rise of "I feel like" specifically. Citing the research of Sandra A. Thompson and Anthony Mulac, Brook notes that the phrase "I think" went through a similar transition in the 20th century. That is, "I think" used to just mean "I am thinking," before it started to mean "my opinion is." She also cites Minna Palander-Collin, who argues that the same transformation occurred with the Renaissance favorite "methinks" in the 15th and 16th centuries. All of this is to say that there's lots of precedent for a shift in meaning from "I am engaging in mental activity" to "my opinion is," both of which are intimately related notions anyway.

Brook's data shows that the use of "I feel" to mean "my opinion is" started gaining purchase with people who were born around 1910, but the first unambiguous example of that usage comes from a Canadian speaker born in 1891, who was recorded in 1975 saying "I feel that" and "I feel" before stating

her own opinions.

There's another small but important change going on during this time, too. "I feel" isn't just being used to mean "my opinion is," it's also being used as a strategy to distance the speaker from his or her own statements. For instance, the phrase "I feel that you're not listening to me" could mean "I have the opinion that you're not listening to me," but it could also mean "I definitely know that you're not listening to me, but I want to be polite about pointing it out, so I'm being indirect."

IV. Now, Let's Talk About "Like"

I'm now going to describe why I was wrong to correct that woman in my class in the wonkiest possible (but most exact) way. First, we need to get "I feel" and "like" in the same room together.

Brook told me that the phrases "I feel" and "like" have been going through changes at approximately the same time. As I mentioned earlier, the phrase "I feel" used to just mean "I am feeling," e.g., "I feel dumb." Recently, though, it has started to mean "my opinion is," e.g., "I feel like I'm dumb." Well, "like" has been going through some

1930 in Canada, "like" rose above the other comparative complementizers because people used "like" to describe metaphorical *or* literal things, whereas people used "as if" and "as though" for constructing metaphors. They used "that" (or nothing at all) to describe literal things. For example, someone would be much more likely to say "I feel like a crab in a sack" or "I feel as if I'm a crab in a sack" than they would be to say "I feel that I'm a crab in a sack," because a crab in a sack is a metaphor.

But people use "like" with literal things just as readily as they use "like" with metaphorical things. Since "like" doesn't pick a side, "like" wins.

During the late 19th and early 20th century, "I feel" began to take on the meaning "my opinion is" and also "I don't wanna stir up any shit here, but..." At the same time, people committed to "like" as their go-to comparative complementizer because it was so versatile. Brook told me (and Google's Ngram Viewer confirmed) that the phrase "I feel like" started blowing up in the 1970s, and then it really blew up, usage-wise, around the millennium, and especially among young

(If you want to see this for yourself, go to books.google.com/ngrams and type "I feel $\,$

Dr. Mark Liberman is a big-deal American linguist who specializes in phonetics and teaches at the University of Pennsylvania. Along with Geoffrey Pullum, he runs the blog Language Log, which is a digital temple of word nerdery. Liberman's post on the phrase "I feel like" confirms Brook's finding that women are ahead of the game on "I feel like," and shows me how wrong I was to pull my student aside and tell her to stop qualifying her answers.

Liberman analyzed a block of data from the Linguistic Data Consortium, which is essentially a humongous collection of conversations donated by the government and by private entities. He looked at a bunch of transcribed telephone conversations, most of which occurred around 2003. And in his "I feel like" post, he describes the ways in which men and women use different kinds of phrases to hedge their claims.

He found that women use "I feel like" and "I think" more than men do, but this fact doesn't support the notion that women hedge more often than men.

Men preface their claims with the phrases "I guess" and "I believe" more than women do, plus they use inter-clausal qualifiers such as "seems," "somewhat," and "probably" more often than women.

When you look at the numbers, Liberman concludes, men hedge just as often as women do, they just use slightly different words to do it. So the fact that women say "I feel like" more than men only suggests what everybody in linguistics already knows, which is that women tend to lead language change. In this way, their use of "I feel like" is a kind of leadership, not a sign of passivity.

So it appears as if I only *felt* like the women in my classes were hedging more often than the men. I wasn't listening closely enough to hear the sneakier qualifiers that the men were using *within* their sentences. When I think back, I don't remember ever saying, "What do you mean Eliot is 'probably' using the metaphor of the crab scuttling against the floors of silent seas to describe his loneliness? He's either doing it or he's not doing it, Eric! Be more direct or they'll eat you alive in boardroom!"

My urge to "help" women "lean in" was misguided, given that men lean back just as much.

When I confessed this to Dr. Matthew Gordon, he put me in my place like only a linguistics scholar can. He said, "The general effort to get women to avoid hedges is certainly well-intentioned but also part of a long tradition of advising women to reshape their linguistic behavior to be more like men's."

 $More\ comparative\ complementizers\ at$

THESTRANGER.COM

My impulse to tell women to use more direct speech was misguided and based in the very sexism I was trying to combat.

changes of its own.

In English, "like" can be used as something called a "comparative complementizer," other examples of which include "as though," "as if." or "that."

This is about to get pointy-headed, but stay with me—I promise it'll be worth it.

The verb "feel"—when used in this way we're talking about, e.g., "I feel like I'm not understanding this"—announces that a finite subordinate clause is coming even before you get to that "like." (You do not need to know what a finite subordinate clause is, but I have to use that term in order for the rest of this to be true.) Only four other verbs can be used to announce this kind of clause: "look," "sound," "seem," and "appear." These are all sensory verbs that we use to describe our perceptions of the world. In order to link one of these verbs—"feel," "look," "sound," "seem," or "appear"—to the finite subordinate clause, you need to get yourself a "comparative complementizer,"

Brook's research shows that from 1860 to

like" in the search bar.)

"Most linguistic changes are led by young women," Brook points out. "But not everything young women say disproportionately is linguistic change." That said, the fact that young women are saying "I feel like" a lot supports the notion that the phrase is new and is changing.

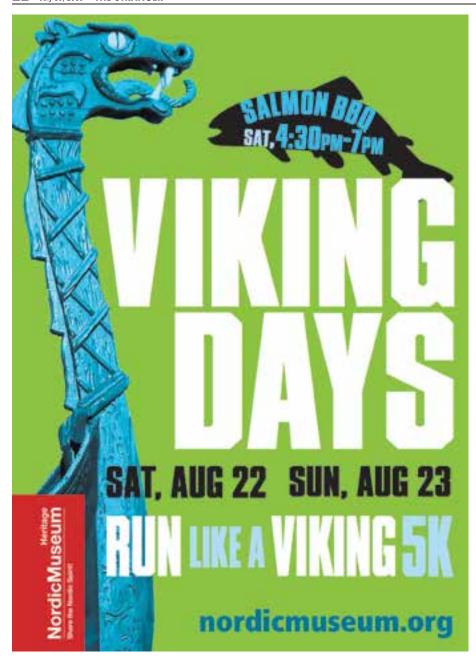
V. It's Worth Repeating— Most Linguistic Changes Are Led by Young Women

Does a woman's use of "I feel like" align with stereotypes of feminine insecurity and passiveness? Should educators and friends and spouses follow Sheryl Sandberg's lead and instruct women to "lean in," to state their opinions without qualification as men supposedly do, so that they might snatch up more leadership positions?

Um, no. No they shouldn't. Also, that question is wrong.

















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TASTE Photos by Robert Wade



STRANGERSUGGESTS



'Nathan DiPietro: The Structure of Things'

It's easy to see the beauty of Seattle, but what Nathan DiPietro notices is how completely strange this place is. He makes our subdivisions and city parks and waterways and wilds look like a movie set where the drama is the conflicted landscape itself. And he does it in egg tempera paint, an exacting medium that doesn't lend itself to shading but rather to fine, gemlike details, which give the scenes a sparkling sort of objectivity, even as they make outrageously fantastical claims. They're fun, but they roil. (Woodside/Braseth Gallery, 1201 Western Ave, woodsidebrasethgallery.com, 11 am-6 pm, free, through Aug 7) JEN GRAVES

Chrome - MUSIC

Has there been a more powerful, H.R. Giger-like psychedelic-rock band in American history than Chrome? Doubtful. At their best—Alien Soundtracks, Half Machine Lip Moves, 3rd from the Sun—Chrome catalysts Helios Creed (guitar) and Damon Edge (keyboards, drums) authored a grotesquely distorted sound that conjured images of extraterrestrial catastrophes. Their catalog teems with nightmarish, exhilarating music, but after Edge's death in 1995, Creed has been keeping Chrome's legacy vital in between working on his solo career. Tonight's a rare chance to experience Creed's bizarre guitar heroics within some of rock's most otherworldly (de)compositions. (El Corazón, 109 Eastlake Ave E, elcorazonseattle.com, 8 pm, \$18 adv/\$20 DOS, 21+) DAVE SEGAL

Get Drunk at Whole Foods - BOOZE

I heard from an actuary that Whole Foods has the cheapest happy hour in Seattle. I don't know if that's technically true, but you won't catch me checking an actuary's math. Anyway, all you gotta do: Walk into the store, grab a bag of chips, pick up a six-pack or a bottle of wine, have the bartender open it up for you, find a seat on the patio, and then raise your glass or bottle to your own thriftiness and good sense. (Whole Foods, 2210 Westlake Ave, wholefoodsmarket.com, 7 am-11 pm) RICH SMITH



'Gemma Bovery'

In this wonderfully lurid movie, a woman, played by the voluptuous English actress Gemma Arterton, finds herself literally suffocated by three middle-aged men who are obsessed with her youthful beauty. One of these older men is played by the always-entertaining French actor Fabrice Luchini. The film's final message is not that different from the final message in the last film by the director, Anne Fontaine, the also-lurid Adore: A woman can only be satisfied, enjoy life to the fullest, if she is regularly fucked by the naturally hard and splendidly unthinking cock of a young man. Older men just don't cut it. They suffocate you. (See Movie Times: thestranger.com/film) CHARLES MUDEDE

Giant Garage Sale

Remember the Midway Swap Meet? Man, it was one of the most magical places for treasure

hunting and kitsch collecting this side of the Mississippi! Midway closed in 2005, and now there's a big, boring Lowe's hardware store in its place. It was a long drive—located halfway between Seattle and Tacoma. The NW's Largest Garage Sale and Vintage Sale is even farther—about two and a half hours south on I-5. I say the nostalgia is worth it. With more than 600 sellers, this sale is HUGE. And in a world ruled by Amazon and eBay, a thrift paradise like this is becoming rarer every day. Go looking for nothing in particular, and I guarantee you'll come home with something excellent. (Clark County Event Center, 17402 NE Delfel Rd, Ridgefield, clarkcoeventcenter.com, 8 am-5 pm, \$5) KELLY O



Light Summer Beers



Seattle, your pathological dedication to hop-heavy IPAs is tiring, especially in this heat. Beers like lager and kölsch—beautiful liquids the color of sunshine—might be lighter in appearance, but they're not light on flavor. Pick up a growler of Georgetown Brewing's L.A. Woman Crystal Kölsch—crisp, refreshingly bitter, with just the right bit of sweetness—or have a pint of Silver City Brewery's Ziggy Zoggy Summer Lager, an unfiltered zwickelbier that's **malty and bright**. Added bonus: These beers are lower in alcohol, so you can spend a summer afternoon drinking them without falling

asleep in (or falling out of) your chaise longue. (Georgetown Brewing, 5200 Denver Ave S, and various other locations) ANGELA GARBES

Tao Lin & Mira Gonzalez - BOOKS

Mira Gonzalez and Tao Lin are two big writers in the small-press world who have collaborated on a book called Selected Tweets, which is, you guessed it, a selection of their own tweets. BEFORE YOU EYE ROLL: Comedians use Twitter all the time to test their jokes. Writers do the same thing for lines. Not all tweets are literary, but some are. At this reading, Lin and Gonzalez will do the work of sussing out which is which for you. (Third Place Books, 6504 20th Ave NE, thirdplacebooks.com, 7 pm, free) RICH SMITH

Blondie - MUSIC



I'm not usually one to suggest such an expensive event, but this is the legendary Blondie we're talking about. Their critically acclaimed album Parallel Lines was still on everyone's radar during my formative years. So much so that steely-eyed, perfectly coiffed, angel-voiced Debbie Harry was one of my idols. The woman turned 70 this month and she's still out there rocking. What venue could better serve her than one amid lions and tigers? Hell, it's worth going just to hear "Heart of Glass." And yes, Blondie are scheduled to play alongside Melissa Etheridge,

but don't pretend you've never sung along to "I Want to Come Over." This is a show with performers who have decades of experience at their fingertips. (Woodland Park Zoo, 5500 Phinney Ave N, zoo.org, 6 pm, \$45-\$120 all ages) LINDSAY HOOD

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NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM

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ART & PERFORMANCE



 $\textbf{LOOK AT THE RIVER AND THE RIVER LOOKS BACK} \ A \ large \ sculpture \ by \ Ben \ Zamora \ mirrors \ its \ South \ Park \ surroundings \ in \ all \ directions.$

The River Reclaimed

One Hundred Artists Pay Tribute to Seattle's Essential Waterway in *Duwamish Revealed*

BY JEN GRAVES

Duwamish

Revealed

Various locations

Through Sept 30

he authorities at the Port of Seattle got a phone call from a concerned citizen one day this summer. Was there a submarine lurking under the pier jutting out into the Duwamish River in Jack Block Park? No, came the reply, that's just art. But in some ways, the caller was right. The art along the Duwamish this summer is bringing up what's under the murk.

The caller hadn't seen anything—it was sound that made him convinced a sub was down there. Robb Kunz and Joshua Kohl are the artists. Sometimes the sound, which

plays underfoot, is an otherworldly groaning, rhyming with the great rusty tugs parked at the beach nearby, where signs warn against swimming or eating the fish. Kunz had to brave high tide five separate times to get the art

there because he had to lash the speakers to the underside of the pier. He did it by canoe, waiting for the right moment when he could stand tall enough to attach the speakers but not be crushed between water and wood.

At the same time, the Shell oil rig bound for drilling in Alaska was parked in sight, right around the bend in the water, and fleets of kayaking protesters would glide by Kunz at all hours. The place was so charged that it hardly seemed odd when one day Kunz heard a lone voice yelling for help. Somehow, a man had tumbled into the river. Rescuers pulled

him out, hypothermic. He seemed to Kunz unstable. When night came, Kunz watched the blast furnaces of the nearby smelter turn the sky red.

It's not just the quality of the sound composition that makes the art ominous, it is the quality of the air and the water. It's the only place in Seattle where nobody swims.

But what is true about the Duwamish will also be false; it is an inestimable, complex character. It is polluted and it is glorious. In a city defined by water stories, the Duwamish River is the best water story we have. The

views that accompany the sound art on the pier are not only of the imperiled and bedraggled waterway but also of otters, eagles, and herons, bucolic woods and crisp Puget Sound, and the best views of the city's skyline from a lovely,

idolizing distance. The river also bears, unmistakably, the presence of the first people, and a different time.

On the bike trail down to the pier, a curve opens onto a view of industrial Terminal 5, where Shell's rig was parked on its wretched mission. Next to the bike trail, an official orange traffic sign reads "CRITICAL REFLECTIVE DISCOURSE-FREE ZONE," as if government signs routinely say such things. That sign is a work of art by Jack Daws, another Seattle artist. The port approved the artwork, helped Daws plant it in

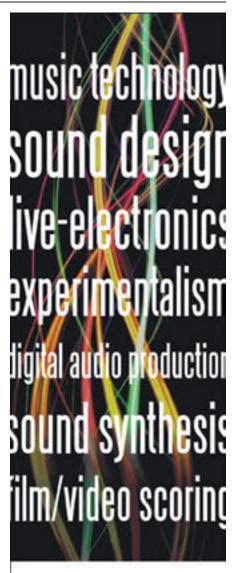
the port's ground. Shortly thereafter, they notified him it had been stolen. $\,$

When Daws reported the theft to port police, they had to admit, sheepishly, that they had it in custody. It hadn't been stolen, it had been confiscated by police who misunderstood it as a protest sign. (Which it sort of was. The artist made it before the protests, but he was thrilled when he could place it in front of the visiting rig.) Apologizing, the port put the sign back up, but Daws noticed the police had damaged it en route, so the port gave Daws the money to make a new one. Plenty of critical reflective discourse might be had about all this.

Daws's signs—there are two others—and the sound art on the pier are part of a onetime

Just as Seattle would not be Seattle without the Duwamish Tribe, there would be no city here without the Duwamish River. So attention must be paid.

happening this summer. It's called *Duwamish Revealed*, involving 100 or so artists and dozens of installations and performances, and it comes at exactly the right time. In December, the EPA released its \$342 million plan to clean up the river, which was declared a Superfund site in 2001. Earlier this month, the federal government once again denied the plea of the Duwamish Tribe to be recognized. Just as Seattle would not be Seattle without the Duwamish Tribe, there would be no city here without the Duwamish River. So attention







Music isn't just a subject, it's a way of thinking. Cornish College of the Arts is now accepting transfer applications for Fall 2015 and Spring 2016.



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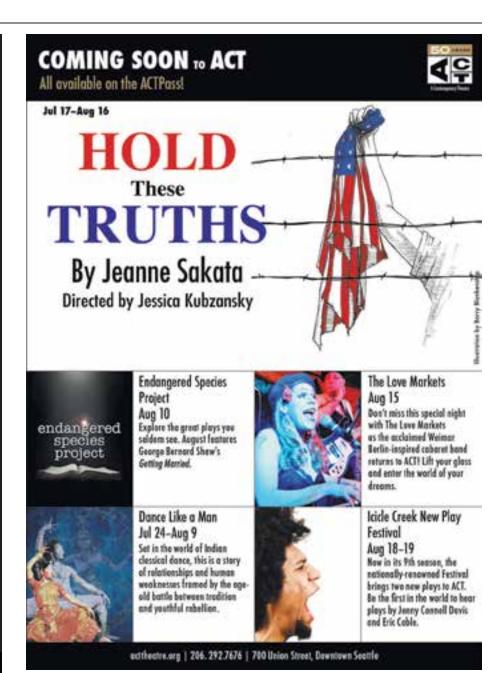
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■ must be paid.

The organizers of Duwamish Revealed are an urban planner, Sarah Kavage, and a landscape architect, Nicole Kistler. They're working with the tribes, the port, the city, and the county, and under the umbrella of the Environmental Coalition of South Seattle. A couple years ago, Kavage and Kistler created their own smaller tribute to the Duwamish. It was a full-scale barge like the ones that regularly pass these waters piled with scrap metal, but this one was planted as a living garden that grew as they sent it along the river.

Extending that tradition, one of the artists in this year's Duwamish Revealed planted a sculpture made of live cuttings of willow on the river's edge at Terminal 107 Park. The plants form the shape of a container ship, and will grow.

"It's not that we don't want the container ship or we don't want the industry—it's just that we have to balance all these things," James Rasmussen told me, describing why he likes Briar Bates's mixing of worlds in willow.

Rasmussen is director of the Duwamish River Cleanup Coalition and a descendant of Dr. Jack, the Duwamish medicine man who rowed the meandering S curves of the river making house calls before the river was widened, straightened, and used as a dumping ground in order to establish industry and the city itself.

Dances, music, canoe families making their arrival on the banks—all of these are part of Duwamish Revealed. You probably can't see it all. One piece is deliberately out of view: Anne Blackburn hid tiny surveillance cameras at Hamm Creek, where wildlife "share" their lives day and night on Blackburn's Instagram feed.

Another sign by Daws sits at a quiet segment of water's edge down the river a ways from Jack Block Park. The sign is wood rath-



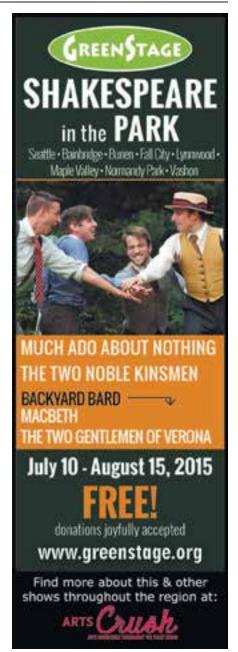
JEN BENNETT With students, building art based on a traditional fish tran.

er than metal, and it points along the river past a bunch of beached, barnacled tires. Trees rise up on both sides of this stretch of banks, pretty. But where the water bends and disappears, right where the sign points, a huddle of unmarked concrete silos rises into the summer sky. It's some kind of factory; there are many here, with names like Portland Cement and Chemithon. The sign practically spits the sarcastic words "THE NEW WORLD," but in letters that are the honey-vellow font used for mile markers in the wilds of national parks.

New worlds don't come much older than this one.

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THEATER

The Slow-**Motion Tornado** of Orpheus **Descending**

Intiman's Summer Festival Opens with Tennessee Williams's Small-Town Hell

BY RICH SMITH

rpheus Descending delivers the goods you'd expect from a Tennessee Williams play: lots of tragically trashy characters expressing their feelings via long

Orpheus

Descending

Intiman Theatre

Festival at

12th Ave Arts

Through Aug 2

monologues and quick quips, heavy use of metaphors featuring the flora and fauna of the US South, and tons of top-shelf gossip and earnest hand-fanning.

The story goes like this: Looking to quit his ramblin' ways and find his Penelope, a hunky troubadour named Val (Charlie Thurston) descends into a hell of country life

and weird trailer-park vibes. He gets a job working for Lady (Kemiyondo Coutinho), an older Italian immigrant who runs a general store owned by her dying and racist husband. Val's handsomeness and free-spirited ethos give Lady and the town a case of the vapors. Women love him; men want to kill him. Gossip, gossip, gossip; bang bang bang.

The play calls for 19 actors, but the Williams Project, which has joined Intiman's 2015 summer festival as its first-ever company-in-residence, used half as many and to great effect. The cast changes clothes onstage-sometimes even as they are speaking-swapping genders and roles and ages in ways that brought out themes that might have otherwise been buried. For instance, Grant Chapman plays the role of Sheriff Talbot, who threatens to kill Val, but he also plays Dolly Hamma, one of the town's great gossipers. These character shifts remind us of the intimate relationship between those who gossip about violence and those who commit the acts, a thought echoed by Val when he says: "Violence ain't quick always. Sometimes it's slow. Some tornadoes are slow."

The Williams Project originally designed Orpheus for a large outdoor stage in Longview, Washington, but the company made the small black-box theater at 12th Avenue Arts feel as big as a field. Characters yelled from the catwalks and ran up and down the aisles. The audience was encouraged to

switch seats between acts, which afforded new perspectives on the action and also served as a clever way to combat fatigue over the course of the three-hour play.

There aren't many standout performances. The performers take a few acts to get used to their southern accents (which isn't a surprise given the young, Ivy League-heavy

cast). Moreover, moments where main characters could show their stuff are bulldozed by cheese-ball melodrama, as when Val sings his feelings via Daniel Johnston's "True Love Will Find You in the End." Despite the uneven acting and a few questionable choices, the play succeeds in realizing the heat of Williams's language and the chaos that erupts when a stranger with a snakeskin jacket walks into town.



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FIVE-SPICE DUCK CONFIT CONGEE The popular dish is a holdover from Kraken's pop-up days.

The Long, Fascinating Road from Successful Pop-Up to Kraken Congee

(There Was a Brief, Arguably Disastrous Reality-TV Detour in the Middle)

BY ANGELA GARBES

ack in early 2013, three chefs at the Ruins, Seattle's staid and ostentatious private dining club in Lower Queen Anne, had an idea. They wanted a creative outlet. So the three

of them-Garrett Doherty, Shane Robinson, and Irbille Donia-began scheming what would become Kraken Congee.

Donia had experience with pop-ups, having held several successful modern Filipino dinners under the name Irbille Edibles. The trio decided to use congee—a simple rice porridge found in many cuisines throughout Asia—as a base to showcase other items like duck confit laced with Chinese five-spice. pork-stuffed squid accented with briny black squid ink, and pork-belly adobo braised Filipino-style in soy sauce and vinegar.

"We were going to do a popup," recalls Doherty, "and just see what happened."

For the first Kraken Congee, held in April 2013, each chef was responsible for getting 20 diners to show up so they could at least break even at the end of the night. Instead, says Doherty, "Three hundred people tried to show up, and it was a shitshow." Once a month, for nine months straight, Kraken popped up in kitchens around town, serving hundreds of bowls of congee each night.

profiles from around the world and adding them to a beloved (but, let's face it, homely) comfort food, Doherty, Robinson, and Donia (who has since left the partnership) came up with something entirely new-something diners were willing to line up for.

Just over two years later—and three months into their subterranean brick-andmortar location in Pioneer Square—Kraken is cooking with the same creativity and intriguing flavor combinations that should continue to draw in new diners.

The five-spice duck confit congee (\$14) remains on Kraken's Kraken Congee 88 Yesler Way, 748-9999 menu. ("The greatest thing about a pop-up that's successful," says

Doherty, "is that you're basically doing your research and development before the restaurant opens. You know what people like right off the bat.") The duck meat, musky and fragrant with star anise and clove, is dark and satisfying, and it comes with strands of steamed bok choy and airy pork cracklings that bring a welcome, salty crunch to the

dish. A sov-cured egg volk—round, perfect, and golden like the sun—is a pleasure to break into, its contents creating a rich sauce to swirl into the porridge.

Even better is the hanger steak congee (\$14), porridge topped with tender slices of grilled, irony beef steeped first in a marinade of fish sauce, lime juice, sugar, and chilies. Continuing with the Vietnamese flavors, cilantro

Kraken is cooking with the same creativity and intriguing flavor combinations that should continue to draw in new diners.

leaves and shaved raw shallot bring brightness and bite. But I was most surprised and taken with the sweetness that came from blistered cherry tomatoes—wonderful, with just a bit of char—and crispy bits of broken peanuts.

The octopus and kimchi fried rice (\$13) was better in theory than in practice. It had plenty of the complex, smoky flavor that comes from being wok-fried and the pungent, spicy sourness of kimchi, but the dish lacked any real texture. Pieces of octopus were so thinly sliced that instead of providing pleasant, chewy bites, they were flimsy and forgettable, getting lost amid the soft grains of rice.

When I ask Doherty about the wok, which Kraken inherited from the kitchen's previous tenants, Thai street-food restaurant Little Uncle, he admits that he and Robinson had never worked with a wok before. But he says that they are learning and excited to add more wok-cooked items as they get more experience with it.

I love the idea of a restaurant menu evolving because a piece of kitchen equipment pushes its chefs to experiment. It's an openminded approach that is no doubt helped along by Kraken's origins as a pop-up.

"The biggest thing about pop-ups," says Doherty, "is that there are no rules. You get to tell your story however you want to.'

Kraken Congee's story is a complicated one—one that involves, improbably, an appearance on a CNBC reality television show called Restaurant Startup, where the chefs competed to get a cash investment from celebrity judges. After being flown to Los Angeles three times to film the show and cook under stressful conditions ("We didn't necessarily represent ourselves all that well," says Doherty), Kraken ultimately landed a deal with Dallas-based celebrity chef Tim Love (he has a national sponsorship deal with Hellmann's/Best Foods mayonnaise), who is a partner in the restaurant.

While the show gave Doherty and Robinson funding, it also cost them their partnership with Donia. For reasons that no one seems to want to discuss, the filming of the reality show was, in Donia's words, "the beginning of the end" of his involvement with Kraken.

It's impossible not to think that Donia's decidedly Filipino culinary vision (he continues to hold his modern Filipino pop-ups under the name Lahi) played a role in the many Filipino elements on Kraken's menu-elements that are their most successful.

My favorite dish by far was Kraken's kare kare Wagyu beef (\$13), a Filipino stew traditionally made with oxtails, tripe, eggplant, long beans, and banana blossom that's thickened with peanut butter and served over rice. Kraken's version is made in the wok with hand-shaved noodles, the shape of which were more amorphous than noodley but still delicious (and an interesting twist on the expected starch). It's served with the traditional accompaniment bagoong, a salty, fermented shrimp paste. Other unexpected and creative touches caught my attention, like toppings of pork floss (sweet, salty, and airy—think pork-flavored cotton candy) and a crumbly peanut powder.

Having grown up eating kare kare regularly, what struck me most was how spot-on Kraken's Filipino flavors are. Despite its modern elements, the kare kare tasted familiar and homey. I can say the same for the pork-belly adobo pinch buns (\$8), chunks of meltingly tender meat lacquered in a beautifully reduced tangy adobo sauce and dressed with an aioli made from calamansi, a bright and sour native Philippine lime.

Doherty isn't Filipino, but his connection to the cuisine is deeply personal, and one that has grown over nearly two decades. "My wife wanted to feed our kids the food she ate when she was a child, but she never took the time to learn to cook from her mother," he says, "I'd never call myself a Filipino chef, but I do the best that I can do."

Asked about the Filipino elements on Kraken's menu, Donia had this to say: "Filipino food is bigger than me. Our food may be underrepresented, but it is here. I'm just glad to know that the Filipino influence is there [at Kraken] and being shown off."

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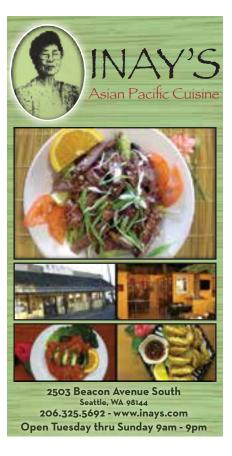












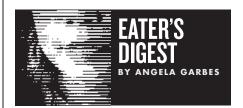
◄ circumstances that landed Kraken Congee in its current place, it's a success story—and certainly one that the many itinerant chefs regularly holding pop-ups in restaurant kitchens across the city look to for inspiration.

"It's really hard to start a restaurant here," says Doherty. "There are five chefs who own something like 45 restaurants in this city, and if you're not part of that crew, no one talks to you."

Doherty isn't bitter, but his words echo something I've been hearing from other people in the Seattle restaurant industry for a while now-and something I've been wondering about myself. As chefs and restaurateurs who already own multiple restaurants continue to open even more at a steady clip, how much more difficult does it become for newcomers with less capital and less name recognition to compete for investors, locations, and customers? As Seattle's restaurant scene grows, could it also become less inclusive and diverse?

"From the beginning, the idea with our pop-ups was that we were just going to do it ourselves. We were going to make our food, people would come, and they were going to like it or not."

Doherty pauses and then, with a trace of marvel in his voice, finishes: "And they did. So we're here." \blacksquare



The Carlile Room Opens

The Carlile Room (820 Pine St, 946-9720), the 19th restaurant in the Tom Douglas empire, is now open, right across the street from the Paramount Theatre. Vegetables, labeled under the simple heading "Plants," take up a large portion of the menu (the Carlile's bare-bones website refers to itself as "a revolutionary plant house in snazzy surroundings"), but there are also meat plates and plenty of cheeses, appetizers, and desserts (for pre- and post-show snacking, no doubt). Douglas has said that, of all his newer restaurants, the Carlile Room will be most like his long-standing Palace Kitchen. (And if you ask me, that's a very good thing.)

Little Uncle to Add Big Uncle

Back in February, Little Uncle owners Poncharee Kounpungchart (aka PK) and Wiley Frank closed down the Pioneer Square location of their wonderful Thai streetfood business in order to look for a smaller space that better suited their needs. (The old space is now home to Kraken Congee. which I review this week on page 29.) Good news: They've found one, and it's not far from the original **Little Uncle** (1509 E Madison St, 329-1503), the tiny walk-up window that has been going strong on Capitol Hill since 2011.

The new spot, which will be called **Big** Uncle (1523 E Madison St), will be less than a block away from Little Uncle, in a still-under-construction microhousing development called Mad Flats. They hope to open the restaurant for lunch and dinner by December. While Big Uncle will be bigger than its sibling, they are keeping things relatively small and manageable: Big Uncle will have seating for just 24, but it will have enough kitchen, storage, and prep space to supply food for Little Uncle, maintain their catering business, grow their Peeks Pantry line of curry pastes and other condiments, and maybe even host some special events.

ARTS



At Big Uncle, PK and Frank will focus "on our growing repertoire of noodle dishes that we are extremely proud of, all in one place and at the same time—a feat we have not been able to provide in the past." That includes their khao soi, dom yum wun sen (roasted pork cellophane noodles), and phad thai, as well as new dishes such as kanom jin (fermented rice noodles), which will accompany a number of curries being developed for Little Uncle (which will shift its menu focus to rice-based dishes). I'm so excited to see what Big-and Little-Uncle

Kedai Makan Moving into Former La Bête Space

Speaking of little walk-up windows, Capitol Hill's Kedai Makan (1510 E Olive Way), which serves Malaysian street food, has announced that it's moving into the former La Bête/Spaghetti Western (1802 Bellevue Ave), just around the corner—377 feet, to be exact—from its current location. Owners Kevin Burzell and Alvsson Wilson hope to open the new Kedai Makan in September.

Along with more seating and a full kitchen to develop new dishes, Burzell and Wilson will also be adding a full bar program. For that, they're turning away from Malaysia and taking their inspiration from Thailand, building cocktails around ya dong, a Thai spirit they'll infuse inhouse with medicinal herbs and roots. (I'm intrigued, mostly because they'll be serving ya dong with a chaser of green mango dipped in chili salt.)

It's worth noting that both Little Uncle and Kedai Makan first started out as stalls at farmers markets around town—and that Little Uncle, before it was even Little Uncle, began as a pop-up called Shophouse that served dinners at the dearly departed Licorous (RIP) and, funnily enough, La Bête. While it's taken years of hard work to build a loyal customer base and enough capital to find brick-and-mortar spaces with full kitchens, that time gives owners more confidence and assurance that there will be business to support such expansions. These are the kinds of Seattle restaurant developments and openings I can really get behind.

High 5 Pie Is Leaving, **Mighty-O Donuts** Is Moving In

Also on Capitol Hill, **High 5 Pie** (1400 12th Ave, 695-2284) has announced that it has outgrown its corner spot on 12th and Madison and needs a bigger production space to keep up with its business (the bakery supplies pies to three Fuel Coffee locations and two Cone & Steiner markets also owned by High 5 proprietor Dani Cone, as well as other places around town). High 5 will serve its last pies at the present location on July 19, but for those looking for sweets, don't worry: Mighty-**O Donuts** will be moving into the space with its certified organic, vegan doughnuts sometime in September.

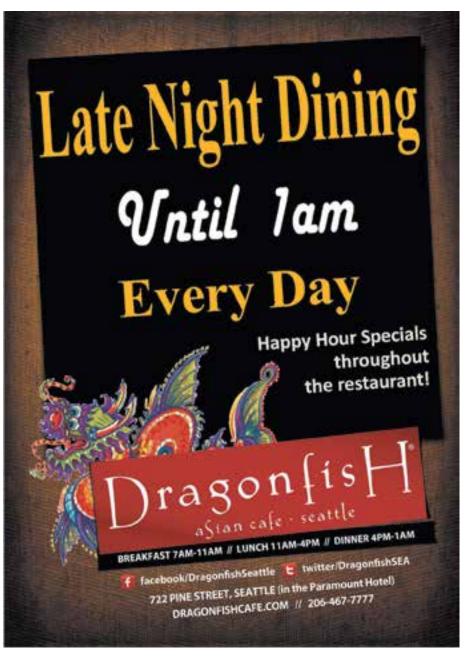
















NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM

THE STRANGER July 15, 2015 35





ANNA FOX AND PENELOPE SPHEERIS $The\ mother-daughter\ team\ behind\ the\ box\ set.$

Permanent Decline

Penelope Spheeris's *The Decline of Western Civilization* Trilogy Documents the Long, Slow, Stubborn Death of Rock 'n' Roll

BY SEAN NELSON

he crucial question in Penelope Spheeris's trilogy of *The Decline of Western Civilization* documentaries comes in the first shot of the little-seen *Part III*. In a black-and-white talking-head

interview, Spheeris asks Why-Me, a 16-yearold gutter punk who hadn't been born when the first documentary in the series was shot, "How is punk rock different now than it was in 1979–80?"

"I don't think it is," he replies. "I mean, it's the same. I think it's smaller?" $\,$

Here the camera zooms out to reveal the full extent of Why-Me's costume: improvised Mohawk, bridge piercing, and jean jacket bedazzled with studs, pins, and hand-stenciled logos for bands like Subhumans, Disorder, and MDC. In other words, punk rock central casting's standard-issue look for the past 40 years, and evidence that what he says appears to be true—the fact that the year is 1997 is just a coincidence of filmmaking.

"But people care about it more." He then smiles a warm, sweet, guileless smile that belies every single thing about his appearance. His humanity is irrepressible, despite all the attempts he and his circumstances have made to repress it.

It's easy to read such a moment cynically, particularly if you have a lot invested in your personal relationship with punk as a political or aesthetic movement. That cynicism is easily borne out by the music performances throughout the rest of the film as well, by 34th-generation LA punk bands with names like Final Conflict, Litmus Green, the Resistance, and Naked Aggression (who chime in with a number called "Smash the State"). The rehearsal of familiar punk looks and sounds has been bumming older punks out since the Bromley contingent first arrived in London. But that objection hasn't done anything to diminish the allure of the gesture for younger generations of either musicians

or fans—much to the further consternation of the dusty oldsters resisting the process of outgrowing it. (Silver Jews' David Berman expressed this perfectly in the line "Punk rock died when the first kid said, 'Punk's not dead.")

And yet, like its two predecessors, *The Decline of Western Civilization, Part III* is a riveting document of the long, slow, stubborn death of rock 'n' roll. For all the attraction of bands like Black Flag, Germs, and X playing live at the height of their initial energy, and all the ketchup of punks and heshers living up to their dopey, drunken archetypes, these films are far more complex, more curious, more

moral, more conscientious, and more suffused with love than their surfaces might indicate. And like the weirdly durable phenomenon of punk itself, they take entirely unforeseeable turns on their route to immortality.

The director was hip-deep in raw foot-

age of LA's first wave of punk culture before she understood that the films could be more than just a snapshot of a showbiz moment—which, because it was LA, was exactly how it presented. Over 20 years and three films, however, her tenacity and craft had generated a thorough sociology of a subculture's self-definition.

"Ultimately," Spheeris tells me on the phone from her LA production office, "the whole effort for me was about studying human behavior and trying to understand why young people act the way they do. The music is kind of a background for that."

If the first film is a desperate attempt to capture an exploding powder keg before it fizzles (which it assuredly did, thanks to some of the people in the film dying out and others

cashing in), the second one is a bemused look at the fallout of that explosion. The Metal Years has become one of those movies that everyone in rock culture can quote, chapter and verse—and rightfully so. The scenes of Paul Stanley lying on a bed of hungry groupies, of ancient sleaze Bill Gazzarri trying to stir an

indifferent crowd to get excited about a lousy band called Odin at his rock 'n' roll toilet of a Sunset Strip club, of all the bands being ragingly not even remotely good are shocking to behold.

Whereas the punks of 1979 and 1997 could plausibly come marching down Broadway right now and none of us would bat an eyelash, if anyone who looked remotely like a member of Odin or Vixen (or London, or Poison) brushed against you on a bus, you'd get a repetitive stress injury from taking surreptitious pictures of them on your phone. This footage retroactively puts the lie to *This*

Is Spinal Tap (which Spheeris says was offered the job of directing) and forecasts the headbanger burlesque of Wayne's World (which she did direct), though neither film comes close to suggesting the intensity of the dark side of that life. The scenes of W.A.S.P.'s Chris Holmes. drunk-toobliteration, guzzling

"Then those metal kids

come in and they're like,

'Screw those do-it-vour-

self-basic-I-don't-need-

nothin' punk rockers. We

want everything!""

vodka and spewing suicidal self-contempt while floating in his mother's swimming pool—WHILE HIS MOTHER LOOKS ON SILENTLY SHAKING HER HEAD—are unprecedented in metal culture, and complicate any reading of the *Decline* films that doesn't focus on their humanity. And how that

humanity was warped by the changing times.

"It was sort of shocking in *Decline II*," Spheeris recalls. "The bands all had this common consciousness of 'Let's make it!"

What does she think inspired such a change from the days of the first film, where Black

Flag squat (dis)contentedly in their dingy church rehearsal space/house and Darby Crash bounces around like a scarred-up pinball? How did it come to a state where Ozzy Osbourne, Dave Mustaine, and Steven Tyler were the voices of wisdom?

"I think it was just an observation that young people made," Spheeris says, "that having those attitudes that went on previous to them didn't work. You know? The hippie movement didn't work. Peace and love didn't work. (I had too crappy an upbringing

to be a peace and love kind of person but I thought it might work.) And then punk rock comes in and... it think it *kind of* worked, but because it doesn't innately want to publicize itself, it doesn't spread fast. Then those metal kids come in and they're like, 'Screw those

do-it-yourself-basic-I-don't-need-nothin' punk rockers. We want everything!' It's just a reaction. Every rock 'n' roll movement tries to destroy the one before it. It's really about each generation trying to make an identity for themselves."

So, despite the films' reputation, they weren't trying to make

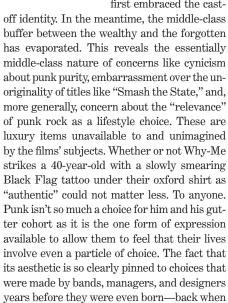
fun of these bands?

"Not at all," says Spheeris. "It wasn't ridiculous when we were doing it."

Spheeris's daughter, Anna Fox, who oversaw the release of the *Decline* box set and who was an LA teenager during the *Metal Years* period, underlines the point that the desire for showbiz success was "just a more common idea by that time. Even with the groupies. It was okay to be a groupie and be treated the way they were treated. That was actually a goal. That was just the consciousness of the times."

And it's not as though the consciousness

of the times between now and then has been so exemplary, either. The most palpable element of *Part III*, which is the real revelation in this box, is the way the music is really just a component of the larger context of these homeless kids' lives. The world is harder and less forgiving than it was when the original punks first embraced the cast-



A few minutes after the opening scene, Spheeris asks him what he thinks is most fucked up about the world, and he replies, "Everything... sucks."

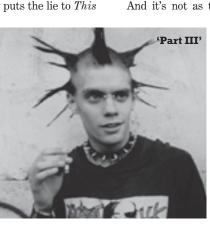
the dustbin at least had flowers in it-makes

the condition all the more poignant.

After seeing these utterly essential films, who's going to argue? ■

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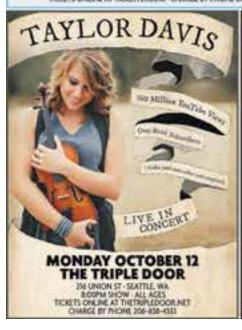
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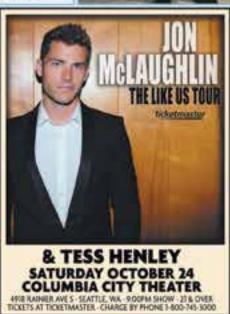
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AN EVENING WITH

A Triumph of Love and Innocence

Brian Wilson Returns to Benarova Hall

BY REBECCA BROWN

Prian Wilson can't really sing well anymore. His falsetto is cracked and his low register is ragged, but there's a sweetness in his voice that makes you ache. He sounds like a person incapable of guile, someone who has retained an innocence. You ache when you hear it, and probably would even if you didn't know the story behind it, which nowadays everyone does due to the excellent Love & Mercy movie.

"Did you see my new movie?" Wilson asked the audience at the packed Benaroya Hall on July 12; the roar indicated most people had. Love & Mercy (with a brilliant performance by Paul Dano as the young Wilson) tells the story of the rise and fall of Brian Wilson from

star to recluse to being forgotten, or thought dead, to redemption and return. Everyone loves a story in which the broken are mended, the wounded heal, the losers are given a second chance and they triumph. Everyone also loves a story that takes them back to a time they were happy or thought they were.

A lot of people with gray hair and thick around the middle were in the audience at the hall that usually hosts the symphony. How much of what anyone heard had to do with nostalgia for their (our) adolescence or childhood, how much was about the singer's story of suffering and redemp-

tion, and how much was about the actual music that was played live? I don't know.

Wilson sat in the center of the stage at a big white grand piano. He wore a short-sleeved plaid shirt and long black pants. He had black shoes, and I watched how little they moved. Sometimes his right foot would tap a little, but mostly not. He's not a person whose music lives in his body; it's cerebral,

like an ether or a thing that came through an angel, a creature not quite human but from another world. It's like he came down here and the world got tested to see if we'd know what to do with him.

We almost failed; we almost lost him.

The problem with most aging rock stars is the fact that

teenage-ness doesn't age. When a 60- or 70-year-old man tries to act like a teenager, either cute (Paul McCartney: Stop) or the sexy bad boy (Mick Jagger: Stop), it's embarrassing and gross. But there's an untouched, uncorrupted something about Brian Wilson. He's like a holy fool. Not playing pretend he's young again, but reminding us that we, his corrupt and normal listeners, once were. Part of listening to his work is about nostalgia, but part of it is about encouraging us to try to return to whatever sweetness we

might still have inside ourselves.

The set began with the a cappella (the name means "in the chapel style") "Our Prayer." This piece, a wordless invocation to some musical divine, opens Wilson's *Smile*. It's like the bard collective calling down the muse, or the start of religious worship. It was followed by "Heroes and Villains," as is the sequence on *Smile*. But hearing Wilson and Van Dyke Parks's evocation of the characters of American history live, with big-bellied Wilson behind his piano, made the spirits sketched in the lyrics seem less those of our national history than those of Wilson's own life.

I first heard Brian Wilson when I was in



 $\textbf{BRIAN WILSON} \ Seventy-three \ and \ guile-free.$

Part of listening to his

work is about nostalgia,

but part is about

encouraging us to return

to whatever sweetness

we still have inside

ourselves.

grade school, a skinny awkward towheaded tomboy puppying after my big brother and sister and listening to their Beatles, his Beach Boys, and her Rolling Stones and hoping one day I'd get to a rock 'n' roll concert, too.

I didn't see Wilson until 2005, when he began touring again after *Smile* was resurrected. He was oddly inert back then, kind

of staring ahead and not responding much to anything, just moving his mouth the way it remembered to, his hands the way they remembered, too. But this time around he was animated, stretching his funny arms left and right, miming a driver at the wheel in one of the car songs, even sort of conduct-

ing, like a maestro (though it was clear most of the direction was done by bandleader Darian Sahanaja). It was nice to see him looking better.

There truly is a kind of childlike lack of guile to Wilson, as if he was born without some gene that makes you harden when you grow up. His return is a triumph of love and innocence. ■

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CHARMS (*L-R*) Eleazer Tolentino (guitar and vocals), Josh McCormick (keys), and Ray McCoy (drums). Not pictured: spacemen dancing around a fire.

This Charming Ass

Punk Trio Charms Share Their Theories About Spacemen, Talismans, and the End of the World

BY TRENT MOORMAN

Charms

w/Malaikat Dan Singa,

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chiseled, carnal bellowing was coming from the adjacent room of a subterranean Capitol Hill rehearsal space. The guitar, synths, and drums on the other side of the wall stirred a synth-punk cauldron of medicine-noise. I didn't know who or what it was, but it swallowed me whole. Songs were systematically devoured by a polyphonic octave generator effect, the same way a swarm of ants eats a jungle. A voice sang, fervent

and possessed. The drums played like they were carving a glyph on the ancient Mayan stone sarcophagus beneath the Temple of the

Inscriptions pyramid in Palenque, Mexico. (It depicts Pakal sitting in a fucking spacecraft, yet it was carved in the year 685.)

I was powerless to do anything but listen, so I turned the lights off and lay on the floor until their rehearsal was over. Staring into the darkness, images of ancient spacemen danced around a fire in my head. When they finished, I knocked on their door and discovered the band Charms: Eleazer Tolentino on guitar and vocals, Josh McCormick on keys, and drummer Ray McCoy. Surprisingly, they weren't covered in blood.

These young, fresh-faced Charms are close to finishing their first full-length album, which will be out by year's end. For this interview, the band accompanied me north on Aurora Avenue to the Drift on Inn Casino. I had my lucky charm with me—my grandmother's bronzed baby shoe. I had Charms rub the charm, and then we proceeded into the casino for beers and blackjack.

Quickly we each lost \$20. Then we left.

In your song "Separator," you're either saying "The tastes are growing pink" or "The chaste are blowing shrinks." Or "The haste is showing tinc." (Tinc as in weed tincture.) A play on contradiction there? Because it takes tincture a while to kick

in. Eleazer Tolentino: And tastes could easily be growing pink, if you like strawberry flavorings, or you like parts of the body that are associated with pink, or maybe you're just becoming more fond of the color pink in general.

I think I like the "blowing shrinks" interpretation the best. The person who is *pure*, who may even abstain from sex like Russell

Wilson, is blowing their psychologist? Hell yeah. That's rich. Ray McCoy: When Russell Wilson signs his new contract, that is what's rich.

So why do you think the chaste are blowing their shrink? You tell us.

I'm sure shrinks get blown all the time. They're seen as authority figures, like a teacher. Some people find that sexy. Also, people are attracted to doing forbidden things. ET: I wish I could say those interpretations were all correct. I'm actually saying, "The ticks are growing faint." It's a reference to a Filipino mythical creature, which is

"The concept of civilization ending is beautiful, and sexual, and scary. All relationships would become more precious."

what the song is about. To confuse its prey, the sounds of this creature grow more faint as the creature gets closer. It terrifies me.

Ray, you have a degree in anthropology. You studied glyphs, didn't you? [I hit on a king and a five playing blackjack, and bust.] RM: I have a degree in anthropology, yes, focusing on Asian culture, religions, and

philosophy. I enjoy a good glyph, though. I studied Mandarin and lived in China for a minute. I like Ninja Turtles and Power Rangers, and I take beginners martial arts when I need to lose some of my video-game-playing weight. Asian culture is fascinating. Thousands of years old. The way they interact with pop culture and the way it's transmitted to the West is interesting. Why is it so *cool* to us, so fetishized, and more importantly, what's it actually *like* there?

Josh, get into some extraterrestrial shit for me. I hear you're into it. What draws you in? Josh McCormick: I'd say the root of the whole thing is fear. Fear of what might be out there. Fear that there's nothing out there at all. I'm into questions that mankind is incapable of answering. Like life after death and other dimensions. I feel like if I came in contact with an advanced species that all the secrets of the universe would be revealed to me.

Talk more about advanced species. JM: There's a deep, detailed history regarding the battle for control of Earth and the human race. Supposedly, reptilian shape-shifters—a hybrid race known as the Anunnaki—some say they've integrated themselves into human society and hold key positions in government and finance. They essentially rule the world. To be clear, I'm not a full-on believer.

Do you consider yourself a medium? Can you tell which ones are reptiles? [I stick on 16, and the dealer beats me. The 97-year-old man to my left has won every hand he's played.] JM: I mean yeah, I usually wear a medium or small [laughs].

Eleazer, get into some postapocalyptic shit for me. I hear you're into it. ET: The concept of civilization ending is beautiful, and sexual, and scary. How people would act without the confines of social constructs. It unites everyone in an indirect way because life for most humans would be simplified to survival. All relationships would become more precious. I think I might function better in a society based on survival.

I love the poly-octave effect you all run. What other effects do you use? Make it sound paranormal or postapocalyptic. ET: The key to the nuclear guitar tones comes from that Electro-Harmonix Micro Polyphonic Octave Generator you love, and my EarthQuaker Devices Rainbow Machine. Both could be names for doomsday devices. If you have the Rainbow Machine dialed right, it sounds like an air-raid siren. Josh plays a Casio calculator watch to get his tones. Zero divided by zero? Forget about it.

What are your favorite charms? Or talisman objects? [I bust again and am out.] RM: I don't really think of any one thing as my lucky charm, but given how often I eat burritos, I'd say that's an object that has a special sort of power for me. I think of "charms" as a type of spell that can be cast on something, like Harry Potter's "Expelliarmus!"

ET: You know that small front pocket on jeans? On any given day, I'll usually have a penny in that pocket that I've found heads-up during a saunter.

What charms you? $\operatorname{ET}:\operatorname{Noise}.$

What doesn't charm you? ET: Putting on airs.

How do you charm others? ET: I tell people to look at Josh's ass. He has a charming ass. ■

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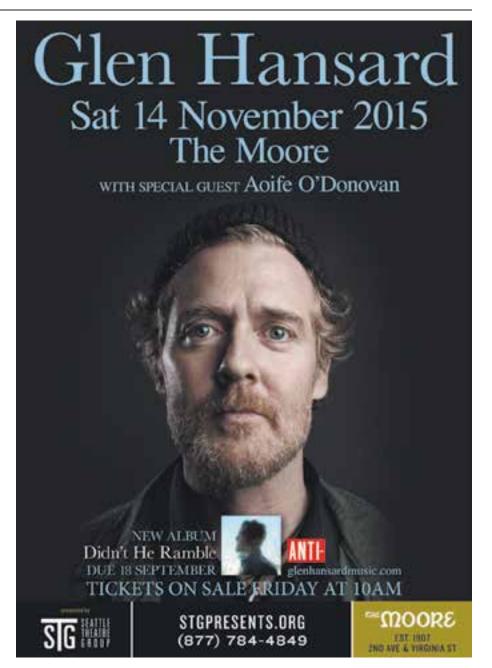
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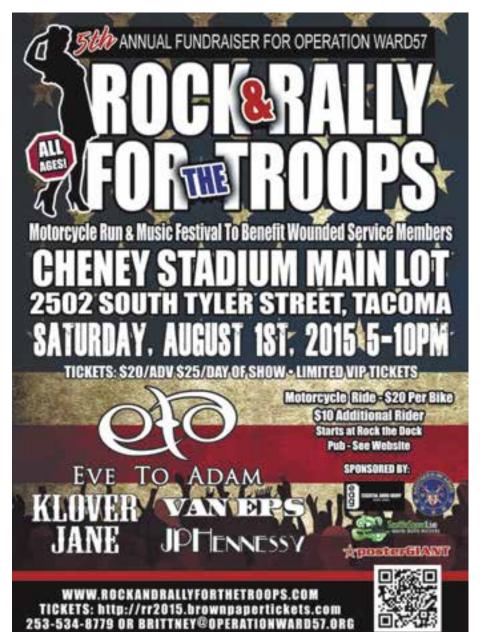
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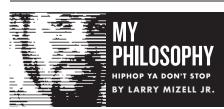




the Stranger







NEW MUSIC FROM EAST25, :30, AND SMS

Things you might've missed this month: In the first week of July, **US police killed** more people than they did any other week in 2015 (more than 500 people this year so far); a gang of people got shot (82) and killed (14, including a 7-year-old boy) over Fourth of July weekend in Chicago; and two staunchly defended symbols of American heritage, for vastly different segments of the population—namely, the Confederate flag and Bill Cosby—finally came down. (The former by state decree, the latter by the subject's own words.) Let it not be lost on you that the Coz's own testimonywhere he admits he purchased quaaludes with the intention of drugging women was unsealed only because a judge felt that Cosby's self-appointed status as a "public moralist" (chiefly at the expense of young black folks) made it a matter of significant



public interest. Hope that pound cake tastes good.

Things you might've missed in the realm of local rap, though, include the second album from

Central District rep East25, North Pacific Breeze (98144). He's been an underdog favorite of mine since I ran across the video for his "2 or 3 AM"—a personal classic off his 2012 album Learning & Earning. East's roughly recorded songs still manage to be blended whiskey-smooth; they're refreshingly understated in an old-soul mold that's rare to find these days. Whether he's singing his hustler's blues or somethingfor-the-ladies, he's never out of bounds, extra, or even disrespectful. "Ain't with all that yapping with a poked-out chest," East wearily intones on "Right and Tight." Down for his move-around (and that good ol' underground free market), he also bigs up his PDX connects down I-5 on "We Do (Trailblazer Hats & Space Needle Tattoos)."

Speaking of our neighbors down the interstate, Tacoma crew:30 have recently come on the scene way strong with their double-sided (that is to say, two whole SoundCloud playlists) debut tape, AM/PM. Made up of Keon Simms, Scooby Miles, Phx. SheedBe, and DJOJ, the crew waxes drowsy South Sound trap-funk over dopedup synths and lazy 808s—imagine a lowkey, Northwest-coast take on HBK's grimier, cockier mobb-music revivals. The debut is pure "antisocial thug" shit, reptile-blooded and money-minded, naturally distrustful of those talking too much, too loud. Tacoma stays producing some of the Northwest's best hardcore rap shit, since Seattle barely knows what to do with it.

Lastly, you might've heard that Malice & Mario Sweet have added a member—singer Shelby Poole—to the mix. This gem fusion (shout-out to Steven Universe) has created the super-charged SMS, whose new album sparkles with a summer-suited, carefree soul drawing from the last three decades' best sounds, thanks to ace producers Tall Black Guy, Vitamin D, and Jake One. (Speaking of Jake, SMS's too-brief take on Tuxedo's "So Good" on "SMS Radio" just makes you wish for more.) The once-duo is even more Sweet (and not syrupy) as a trio, blending like sugar, water, and lemon—so sip responsibly. ■







UP&COMING

Lose your Joy Division-aping boringness every night this week!

Wednesday 7/15

Bassekou Kouvate & Ngoni Ba

(Jazz Alley) The instrument favored by Malian megastar Bassekou Kouyate is called the ngoni: It's a lute, about the size of a generous baguette, made of cowhide. And, after kitting it out with all manner of effect pedals and amplifiers, Kouyate fucking wails on it. Ba Power, his latest album, broadens the scope of his compositions while retaining the inventiveness and wall-of-sound dynamics characterized by earlier albums like Jama Ko and Segu Blue. It's an alternately ecstatic and fiery collection of Afro-funk, with Kouyate's wife, Amy Sacko—"the Tina Turner of Mali" according to MOJO magazine—contributing earthy harmonies and a tight-knit band laying down a dense undergrowth of grooves, thick as brick. African rock's modern golden age owes much to this man with the lute. KYLE FLECK

Ceremony, Tony Molina, Creative Adult, Private Room

(Neumos) Sometimes when bands transition from playing aggressive music to a more melodic sound, the knee-jerk reaction is automatically negative. Ceremony and Tony Molina are case studies in how bands can successfully (and unsuccessfully) make the transition. Both Bay Area-based acts have hardcore roots but now dabble in pop. In the case of Ceremony, bursts of frenetic punk rock have been replaced by Joy Division-aping boringness that lacks the energy of the band's earlier work. Molina, on the other hand, funnels his hardcore sensibility into brief-but-satisfying slacker pop, with heroic guitar leads and simple, lovelorn lyrics, proving that you can accomplish a lot in less than two minutes. KATHLEEN RICHARDS

SSDD

(Spin Cycle) SSDD are the perfect soundtrack for summer delinquency. Listening to Seattle's new punk supergroup (whose initialism, fittingly, stands for Steal Shit Do Drugs) fills me with the kind of bratty destructive urges that come out of suburban boredom and too much sun. Like, you don't really needto shoplift that Slurpee from the gas station, but fuck it, why not? Swaggering frontman Kennedy Carda antagonistically sings with some major Flipper everlooked-at-a-flower-and-hated-it vibes while Kimberly Morrison (Universe People), Pete Capponi (the Intelligence), and Erika Mayfield (Le Cancer) play distorted, slimy punk that cuts straight to that wannabebad part of my heart. Pick up their brand-new cassette from Help Yourself Records at this release show and then daydream about bashing in some mailboxes with a baseball bat or something. ROBIN EDWARDS

Sabbath Assembly's folk-meets-metal compositions celebrate both Jesus and Lucifer in equal measure.

Sabbath Assembly, Christian Mistress, King Dude, a Story of Rats

(Highline) According to interviews, Sabbath Assembly's drummer and leader, Dave Nuss, wants to play at Christian rock festivals. Trouble is, his band also extols the virtues of Satan. Sabbath Assembly's one-of-a-kind gospel-tinged folk-meets-metal compositions celebrate both Jesus and Lucifer in equal measure. The band's metaphysics, though unique,



BASSEKOU KOUYATE & NGONI BA Inventiveness and wall-of-sound dynamics. Wed July 15 at Jazz Alley.

aren't half as compelling as the vocal play of singer Jamie Myers or the subtle guitar tricks employed by quiet virtuoso Kevin Hufnagel. In keeping with the crucifix-gone-wrong theme, the show will also feature retro rockers Christian Mistress and local apocalyptic folk bard King Dude as support. My suggested pre-game ritual is this: Roll a joint with a page from a Gideon Bible and listen to Scorpions' Lovedrive album. JOSEPH SCHAFER

Thursday 7/16

Chrome, This Blinding Light, Diminished Men, SSDD

(El Corazon) Helios Creed is one of the most exciting guitarists our planet has seen, so even if his band Chrome peaked during the Carter administration and his most important bandmate, Damon Edge, is deceased, you should make an effort to catch him and his appointed musicians... whose names you likely don't know. If you're unfamiliar with Chrome, check out their three all-time classics: Alien Soundtracks (1977), Half Machine Lip Moves (1979), and 3rd from the Sun (1982). On these records, Chrome manifested some of the world's most infernal, scathing, and, at times, oddly danceable psychedelic rock. Creed's array of effects made his guitar sound like it had a rare form of cancer that somehow enhanced its vigor, and Edge's malevolent synth grime surpassed even that of Pere Ubu's Allen Ravenstine. There are other very good Chrome records, of course, but one hopes that Creed and company focus on those three tonight. DAVE SEGAL

Eddy Detroit, Alvarius B, Dreamsalon

(Rendezvous) Eddy Detroit is a cult icon in the deep rock underground. He came up in the '80s Phoenix, Arizona, scene around the same time as musical shape-shifters Sun City Girls (who moved to Seattle in the early '90s). There's something of Half Japanese frontman Jad Fair's childlike wonder and knack for catchy-yet-off-kilter melodies in Detroit's songwriting. His songs have the naive—or fauxnaïf—charm of the outsider troubadour. Although not very prolific, he's written at least one all-time classic in "Immortal Gods," which possesses the same sort of mellow/creepy vibe as Black Sabbath's "Planet Caravan." Tonight Detroit will be playing with Alan Bishop (aka Alvarius B., who used to play in Sun City Girls and now co-runs the indispensable Sublime Frequencies label), whose own outsider









status as an anti-folk singer of craggily beautiful songs is defiant and provocative. Openers Dreamsalon have found a way to make garage rock and post-punk sound like something new and vital rather than a pantomime of Nuggets and Rough Trade

Substrata 1.5: Tara Jane O'Neil, Rauelsson, bvdub + Leo Mayberry

comp bands. Accomplishment! DAVE SEGAL

(Chapel Performance Space) The first night of the final Substrata festival of experimental and ambient music kicks off with former Rodan bassist Tara Jane O'Neil, who last year dropped a gorgeous album on Kranky titled Where Shine New Lights, whose opiated folk-pop reveries come gently misted in shimmery drones. The album's an ethereal pleasure in the vein of works by other Kranky artists like Jessica Bailiff, Benoît Pioulard, and Dawn Smithson. Spanish multi-instrumentalist Rauelsson weaves field recordings into stately, minimalist, neoclassical pieces that bear similarities to the music of elegant pianists like Peter Broderick and Nils Frahm. Filling in for the ailing Arovane, bvdub (aka Brock Van Wey) is a prolific ambient-techno producer who favors beautifully pacific melodies and vaporous atmospheres in his lengthy tracks. His music is, almost literally, a gas. **DAVE SEGAL**

The Spits, Wimps, Gazebos, DJ MF Cake, DJ Danger Nun

(Chop Suey) First, I wanna say GIGANTIC congrats to Seattle punks Wimps! They just signed to Kill Rock Stars, who this August will release their new EP, Super Me. Second, I wanna say "HOT DAMN!" to the new colossal, full-color mural of Gazebos' singer Shannon Perry that has been carefully painted on the side of Neumos. Perry-musician, artist, and owner of Valentine's Tattoo Co.—has always been a larger-than-life local personality, and it's excellent to see such a multidisciplined artist immortalized in a painting. Thirdly: THE SPITS! You used to love going to their almost-dangerously messy punk shows at Gibson's/Uncle Rocky's/Funhouse. But then all those scrappy clubs closed, and the Spits, well, they left town. Now they're back, for one night only, and ready to blow the doors off the new, revamped Chop Suey. **KELLY O**



AP YOUR HANDS SAY YEAH Playing it safe. Fri July 17 at Crocodile.

Tim Held, Raica, Marcus Price, Panabrite, Diogenes

(Barboza) Some of Seattle's best and bleakest electronic heads convene for an evening of far-flung sonic strategies tonight at Barboza. Scene stalwart Tim Held claims new EP Delicate Geniuses is his "stab at happy," and it's not a bad look for him, taking the highly evolved glitch-scapes of January's TypicalHaunts album and augmenting them with slyly melodic samples of beauteous female vocals and treated strings. Further Records honcho Raica (Chloe Harris) submersed listeners in vibrant digital sound pools on February's ambient-minded Dose, and the results are still stirring unnameable feels for the emotionally stunted. Relatively new to these ears is the work of fractured hiphop hobgoblin Diogenes, whose just-dropped Death & Acid shoots 22 tracks of unfiltered beat-consciousness straight to the brainstream, a kaleidoscopic trip down rap's rabbit hole dipped in formaldehyde and a not-insignificant amount of bad LSD. **KYLE FLECK**

Friday 7/17

Substrata 1.5: Mary Lattimore, Lubomyr Melnyk, Taylor Deupree

(Chapel Performance Space) Substrata's second night is a mixed bag of sonic luxuries. Mary Lattimore—A-list session harpist for prominent indie rockers like Thurston Moore, Meg Baird, the War on Drugs, and Steve Gunn—also releases her own enchanting compositions for labels like Thrill Jockey and Desire Path. Last year, she and synthesist Jeff Zeigler put out a preternaturally pretty LP for the former imprint called Slant of Light. Lattimore's use of subtle distortion on her instrument lends her pieces a spectral, hypnotic quality. Ukrainian pianist Lubomyr Melnyk is one of the most astounding live performers you'll ever see. Using his trademark continuous playing style, Melnyk generates torrents of sleekly undulating notes and chords with dazzling speed, complexity, and beauty. He's like minimal-

ist icon Charlemagne Palestine, but with a greater sense of dynamics. For almost the past two decades, New York's Taylor Deupree has been prodigiously producing streamlined techno and rigorous ambient/drone music solo and in conjunction with greats like Frank Bretschneider and Ryuichi Sakamoto. Deupree's maintained incredible quality control over that time, creating texturally engrossing works using a small number of exacting gestures. DAVE SEGAL

Agatha, Feral Future, **Bad Future, Slow Code**

(Hollow Earth Radio) Hollow Earth—Seattle's DIY online/soon-to-be-LPFM radio station—hosts this night of mostly local, noisy, and queer-friendly punk. Headliners Agatha, fresh off their first release since their 2011 self-titled LP, play fast, emotionally furious queercore. Their energetic live sets are chock-full of blazing riffs, funneled anger, and unfuckwithable political empowerment. Lovers of well-executed political hardcore shouldn't miss them. Austin, Texas's Feral Future's post-punkish queercore vibes will also wreak sonic havoc, intentionally. Locals who have impressed me with their blistering performances, Bad Future are armed with blasting, Hüsker Dü-like riffs and pop-punk fist-pump vibes à la Descendents. Tonight's rage-filled riff storm kicks off with promising newish local punks Slow Code—and punk time is d-e-a-d, so arrive punk-tually. BRITTNIE FULLER

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah, the Velvet Teen, Teen Men

(Crocodile) The music biz can seem like the lottery—like it's all luck. But it's really a poker game; you just have to play your hand right. For example: There were countless bands in the mid-'00s toving with Talking Heads' cosmopolitan guirk and Modest Mouse's ramshackle groove, so why were Clap Your Hands Say Yeah so popular? Good hooks? An endearing DIY angle? Why didn't the Velvet Teen see similar success? Their fusion of Jeff Buckley's goosebump-baiting beauty and Dismemberment Plan's razor-sharp chops should've hit the jackpot. Fast-forward 10 years, and CYHSY's latest album sounds like Arcade Fire and the National. It's a safe play, though unlikely to yield much in returns. The Velvet Teen, on the other hand, just released the unclassifiable and

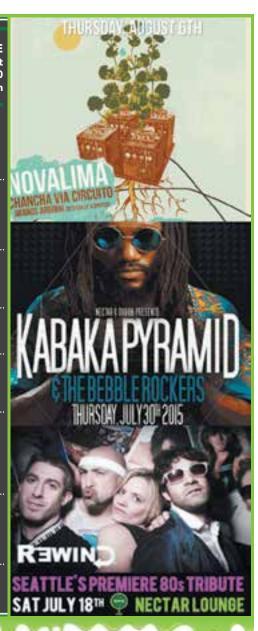




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WEDNESDAY 7/29
NEUMOS & DEAD NATION PRESENT **POP EVIL**

RED SUN RISING + FIRST DECREE + DEDELECTRIC

THURSDAY 7/30
NEUMOS, SOUL'D OUT & CITY SOUL PRESENT
KAMASI WASHINGTON

FRIDAY 7/31 NEUMOS & TRACTOR TAVERN PRESENT

WHITEY MORGAN AND THE 78'S

TONY MARTINEZ + OLE TINDER

TUESDAY 8/4

METZ
BIG UPS + DILLY DALLY

WEDNESDAY 8/12 WOLF ALICE

FRIDAY 8/21

TITLE FIGHT

SHOOK ONES

SATURDAY 8/22 NEUMOS & DO206 PRESENT

THE WEATHER BLACK WHALES + NAVVI

MONDAY 8/24 & TUESDAY 8/25

TWIN SHADOW NIGHT RALLY TOUR

THURSDAY 7/16 **TIMHELD**

RAICA + MARCUS PRICE + PANABRITE + DIOGENES

FRIDAY 7/17 **MEMORY TAPES**

COMPUTER MAGIC + SCHOOL DANCE

SUNDAY 7/19 SON LITTLE

MONDAY 7/20 BOXED IN
BLACK GIRAFFE
+ COLONIES

WEEKLY FRIDAY & SATURDAY DANCE NIGHTS FROM 10:30PM TO CLOSE

COMING UP

• 7/15 Ceremony • 7/15 Dead Sara • 7/17 Ryn Weaver • 7/18 Fu Manchu • 7/21 Penguin Prison





TICKETS AVAILABLE AT **MOE BAR AND ETIX.COM**

Saturday 7/18

Substrata 1.5: Tiny Vipers, Panabrite, Rachel Grimes (feat. Loscil), Shuttle358 + Paul Clipson

(Chapel Performance Space) Substrata's final evening features the majestic, beatific analogsynth productions of Seattle's Panabrite (Norm Chambers) and former Sub Pop folk maverick Tiny Vipers' more intimate yet no less cosmic emanations from the same instrument family. Chamberrock luminary Rachel Grimes (ex-Rachel's pianist/ composer) and Vancouver chill-out-dub specialist Loscil collaborate for what should be an interesting meshing of sensibilities. Let's hope Grimes focuses on her latest album, The Clearing, an austerely attractive convergence of orchestral and ambient ambitions. Recording for Taylor Deupree's 12k ambient stronghold label, Shuttle358 (Dan Abrams) has come back strong after an 11-year hiatus with the new Can You Prove I Was Born, which is full of unbelievably peaceful and beatless Jacuzzi-lounging jams. DAVE SEGAL

Fanna-Fi-Allah

(Om Culture) The shadow cast by legendary Pakistani singer Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan is long. Bringing the sound of the sinuous, hypnotic Qawwali tradition to the world, Khan ascended to the top ranks of world music, up there with the likes of Ravi Shankar and Fela Kuti. Since Khan's death in 1997. musicians have taken his torch and run with it, with understandably mixed results. Fanna-Fi-Allah, a collective hailing from California, accepted no half measures or imitations, traveling to Pakistan and steeping themselves for years in the culture, traditions, and music of the land, touring the subcontinent and returning to the States with a deep repertoire to draw from. Combining Sufi love poetry and mesmerizing ragas, Fanna-Fi-Allah promise at the very least to provide an enjoyable night of music, but possibly a transcendent experience as well. No joke. **KYLE FLECK**



AGAINST ME! Verbose, descriptive lyrics. Sun July 19 at Neptune.

Sunday 7/19

John Mellencamp

(Benaroya Hall) He began as John Cougar, then he changed his name to the less hick-sounding John Cougar Mellencamp, and finally ended with the respectable John Mellencamp. But to me, he will always be John Cougar. That's the name that made him—with rootsy, rocking tunes like "Jack & Diane"—and he should be proud of it. Yes, the record company forced that "hillbilly" name on him, but the record company also forced him not to make Jack in "Jack & Diane" a black man, as he originally intended. True, a tune about an interracial couple "in the heartland" would have been politically powerful, but certainly not a big hit. Had Cougar imposed his wishes on the record company, the world would probably have never heard of Mellencamp. It works that way sometimes. As Mellencamp grew older and more successful, his songs became heavier and more concerned about the

state of working-class Americans: "Check It Out," "Hard Times for an Honest Man," and so on. These tunes are not bad, but they lack that rawness of his work as the hillbilly Cougar, CHARLES MUDEDE

Against Me!, Frank Iero & the Cellabration, Annie Girl & the Flight

(Neptune) Laura Jane Grace has erupted into the public consciousness as America's first proud and truly excellent transgender hard rocker. The rub is that for all the acclaim she's received for her societal trailblazing, she might deserve as many (or more!) accolades for her songwriting as singer/ guitarist in punk outfit Against Me! Her verbose, descriptive lyrics carry both the scalpel wit of Joe Strummer and the engorged heart of Bruce Springsteen, accompanied by all the firepower of Metallica's 1986 backline. Supporting sets from ex-My Chemical Romance axman Frank Iero and garage punks Annie Girl & the Flight will make for an evening in celebration of the major-key power chord. JOSEPH SCHAFER

Monday 7/20

Autonomy, Validation, Arcane, Deep Channel

(Black Lodge) Chicago-via-Oakland band Autonomy have gone from their jackbooted, casually antisocial early work to the more dynamic (and frankly interesting) post-punk direction hinted at on split 7-inches with Street Eaters and Doom Town. That's right, the punks are playing with drum machines now, and we're all the richer for it. Actually, according to Autonomy's Bandcamp page, their drum machine broke, but the shift in tone persists, owing more to the dire, propulsive sound pioneered by Joy Division and Wire at the dawn of the '80s than their more aggro forebears. Openers Validation are a newly formed group, built from the wreckage of skree-mongering Minnesota four-piece Serenghetto. KYLE FLECK

Tuesday 7/21

(Benaroya Hall) The past 10 years have not been easy ones for those of us who harbor a desire to defend Morrissey against the barbarous millions. Contributing to this feeling: rampant cancellations on account of health problems, audience rudeness, and other vicissitudes, plus the transformation of his offstage voice from the gloriously barbed wit of his colossal youth into an increasingly cranky objection reflex. These might not be such problems had the recent music been more authoritative. Since the triumphant comeback of 2004's You Are the Quarry, Morrissey has released three studio LPs—Ringleader of the Tormentors (2006), Years of Refusal (2009), and World Peace Is None of Your Business (2014)—three best-of and B-sides comps, a live album, two full-length live films, several box sets, remasters, reissue, repackage, repackage. The new work has... moments, but it would be perverse to suggest they constitute the major attraction. So why do we keep coming back? Because if you ever had a Morrissey-shaped hole in your life, you never forget how it felt to find a Morrissey to fill it. Some debts can never be repaid. **SEAN NELSON**

CROCODILE

7/15 WEDNESDAY



Square Peg Concerts Presents:

Josh Abbott Band Kylie Rae Harris 21+

7/16 **THURSDAY**



The Crocodile & The Tractor Present::

Pokey Lafarge Cahalen Morrison & Country Hammer All Ages

7/17 **FRIDAY**



STG Presents: Clap Your Hands Say Yeah: **10th Anniversary Tour** The Velvet Teen, Teen Men All Ages

7/18 **SATURDAY**

STG Presents:: The Both Sick Sad World All Ages

Sperry Presents

7/19 **SUNDAY**

7/20



Young Rising Sons & Hunter Hunted

The Crocodile & ReignCity Present:: Heems (of Das Racist) @ The Sunset Spank Rock, DJ Swervewon 21+

MONDAY



Thu 9/17 LA SANTA **CECILIA**



Tue 10/6 THUNDER-CAT



Mon 11/16 **GARDENS &** VILLA

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OCNOTES

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"Has a very spiritual attachment to music... that includes indie rock, hiphop, bossa nova, house, post-punk, and electronica. This is why he hates to be labeled as a hiphop producer."

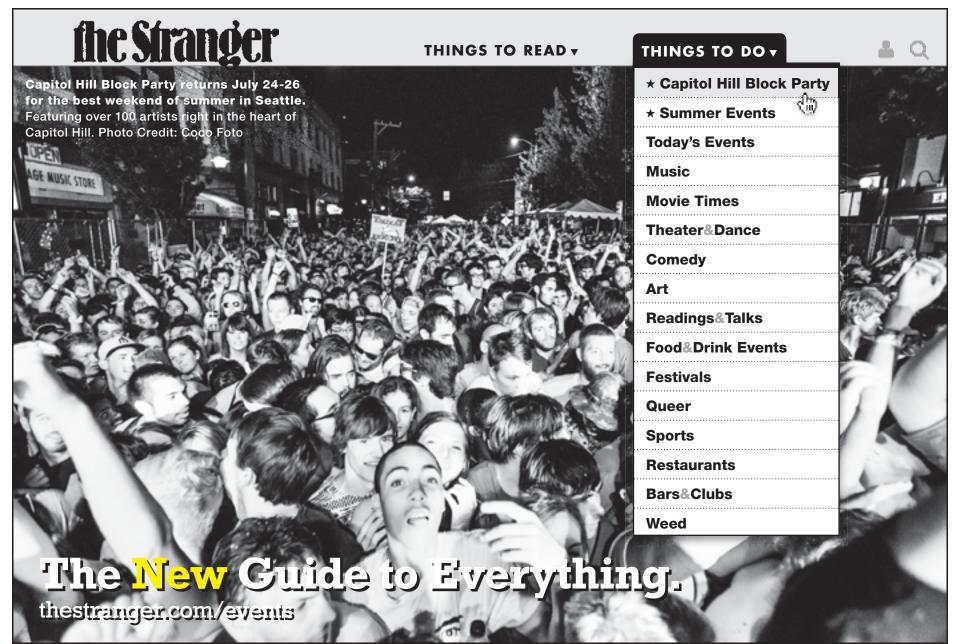


Read all about the 2015 Genius Award nominees in the summer '15 issue of Seattle Art and Performance.

THIS GENIUS AWARDS CATEGORY IS PROUDLY SPONSORED BY:







See The Stranger's online THINGS TO DO calendar for complete music listings.

DRUNK OF THE WEEK...BELOW THE HOMOSEXUAL AGENDA...48 **DATA BREAKER**...49

7/15

88 KEYS Musicians' Jam BARBOZA Dead Sara, Lost in Society, 7 pm, \$13/\$15 CROCODILE Josh Abbott Band, Kylie Rae Harris, 7 pm, \$16.50

 EL CORAZON The
 Seconds the Wei Adolescents, the Weirdos, guests, 8 pm; \$17/\$20, the Doubleclicks, Kieran Strange, guests, 9 pm, \$8/\$10

★ HIGHLINE Sabbath Assembly, Christian Mistress, King Dude, A Story of Rats

★ **②** JAZZ ALLEY Bassekou Kouyate & Ngoni Ba

KENT STATION
 Wednesday Family Date

LO-FI Marcus Price, Kate Olson, Zen Mother, guests NECTAR Dopapod, Vokab Kompany, 9 pm, \$10 * NEUMOS Ceremony, Tony Molina, Creative Adult Private Room, 8 pm, \$12

RENDEZVOUS Advance Base, Andy Fitts, Clay Cole

THE ROYAL ROOM
Madeline Tasquin Trading Company
SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Reverend Deadeye, Marieke and the Go Get 'Em Boys, 9 pm

* O SPIN CYCLE SSDD,

O TOWN SQUARE PARK

Wednesday Picnic

TRACTOR TAVERN Wind Burial, Geist & The Sacred Ensemble, Low Hums, 9 pm, \$8

TRIPLE DOOR
MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE
The Breaks, Mikaela Kahn,
8:30 pm, free

O THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER Bobby Rush, 7:30 pm

vito's restaurant & Lounge Congress: 9 pm,

JAZZ

BRASS TACKS The 200 Trio © COLUMBIA PARK Big
Jazz in the Park TULA'S Duchess Jazz Vocal

Sounds: 9 pm, free

CONTOUR NuDisco

NEIGHBOURS Pulse

FOUNDATION Spor, 10

HAVANA Wicked & Wild

O NIGHTCLUB CRNKN.

★ REVOLVER BAR Ice Cold Roller's Party: Ice Cold Rollers

SUBSTATION Rock Out

★ VERMILLION HISSSSSS

Trio, 7:30 pm, \$15

BALTIC ROOM Bollocks:

CONOR BYRNE Rainier Soul ★ CHOP SUEY The Spits

O CITY HALL PLAZA
Bleachbear, Coho COLUMBIA CITY THEATER MRCH, Megasapien, Ida Bay, 8 pm, \$8/\$10

CONOR BYRNE Mustered
Courage, guests, 9 pm, \$8
COTTAGE LAKE PARK

© CROCODILE Pokey LaFarge, Cahalen Morrison, Country Hammer, 8 pm, \$15

DARRELL'S TAVERN
Brothers Grand, Mason
Reed, Matthew O'Toole

Deathcamp, Asema, Big Bad, Antitheus, 8 pm, \$10/\$12,;Chrome, Diminished Men, This Blinding Light, SSDD

HIGHLINE Vale of Pnath, Lb!, SwampheavY, 9 pm, \$8

★ KREMWERK Golden Gardens, Satsuma, guests LAKE MERIDIAN PARK
Thursdays at the Lake:

★ LO-FI Airport, P L L, WMD

MARYMOOR PARK The Decemberists, Calexico **THE MIX** Yada Yada Blues Band, 9 pm, free NECTAR Matuto, A Ceda

Suede, DJ Chilly, 9 pm, \$10

NEUMOS Snow Tha
Product, Audio Push,
guests, 8 pm

★ ② PEMBERTON VALLEY Pemberton Music Festival REDMOND TOWN
 CENTER Summer Concert
Series

RENDEZVOUS Dreamcatchr, Imaginary Lines, quests ★ RENDEZVOUS GROTTO
Eddy Detroit, Alvarius B,
Dreamsalon, 9 pm

ROBERT LANG STUDIOS

SNOOHALMIE CASINO Eddie Money, 8 pm **SUNSET TAVERN** Skates!, A Breakthrough in Field Studies, Jupe Jupe, 9 pm,

TIM'S TAVERN Holus Bolus.

Timber! Outdoor Music Festival

TRACTOR TAVERN Jay Brannan, Bryan John Appleby, 9 pm

TREEHOUSE CAFE
November Pearls, 8 pm, free

TRIPLE DOOR
MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE

THE TRIPLE DOOR
THEATER Carbon Leaf,
7:30 pm

O WING LUKE MUSEUM JamFest 2015: Kitman, the Shanghai Pearl, Shadow Shifters, Turtle T, guests, 5:30 pm, \$6/\$8

JAZZ

★ BARCA Jazz at Barca RASS TACKS Shawn lickelson's Jazz Quartet EGAN'S JAM HOUSE

Ringshine, Chris McCarthy, 7 pm; Luke Woodle Septet 9 pm, \$5 for students/\$10 PINK DOOR Bric-a-Brac 8 pm

O THE ROYAL ROOM Schyff, 8 pm

• SHUGA JAZZ BISTRO
Chris James Quartet, 7
pm. free

TULA'S Fred Hoadley's Sonando, 8 pm, \$10 VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Brazil Novo: Casey MacGill, 5:30 pm, free, 9 pm, free

DJ

BALLROOM Throwback Thursdays BALTIC ROOM Sugar Beat

CONTOUR Jaded **★ HAVANA** Sophisticated Mama

MERCURY Corroden: \$5 NEIGHBOURS Tinder OHANA Get Right PONY Billion Dollar Babies

Q NIGHTCLUB Cut Copy,

Knightlife, 9 pm, \$16 R PLACE Thirsty Thursdays **TRINITY** Space Thursdays: Deaf!N!t, Chris Herrera, Christyle, free

CLASSICAL

O BAINBRIDGE

CLASSICAL

O BAINBRIDGE
PERFORMING ARTS Movie

BENAROYA HALL Seattle
Chamber Music Society

★ ② VARIOUS LOCATIONS Seattle Chamber Music Society, 7:15 pm Thru Jul 22, free

THURS 7/16

★ BARBOZA Tim Held, RAICA, Marcus Price, Panabrite, Diogenes, 8 pm, \$5

CAFE RACER Earl Brooks

★ © CHAPEL

FEFORMANCE SPACE

Tara Jane O'Neil, Rauelsson, bvdub, Leo Mayberry, 7:30 pm, \$45

Wimps, Gazebos, DJ M.F. Cake, DJ Danger Nun, 8 pm

© CROSSROADS SHOPPING CENTER Restless, 6:30

BEERS, QUEERS, GOOD TIMES 8 pm

* © EL CORAZON Mobile © FREMONT ABBEY Eleni Mandell, Courtney Marie Andrews, 8 pm, \$8/\$10 HIGH DIVE Marmalade HIGHWAY 99 Hudson, 8 pm, \$7 ★ JAAM REK STUDIO Astro King Phoenix, 7 pm, \$5 ② JAZZ ALLEY John Mayall

> WED 7/15 Happy Hour All Netel FRI 7/17 INDIE 5511-1 SAT 7/18 475 polinquil polarday! som A WAT! SUN 7/19 47 WORLD'S TIMEST TEADANCE MON 7/20 1000 17 1000 1000 1000 17 100 TUE 7/21 I HATE KARAOKE!



CARL FAUCHER SAT 7/18 - 8PM: **TUTWILER STATION**

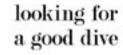
SUN 7/19 - 3PM: OFF THE WALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC PERFORMANCE

FRI 7/24 - 7:30PM: SONGWRITERS IN THE ROUND: » Ellen Reed » Lisa Legros » David Guilbault

SAT 7/25 - 7PM: RABBIT STEW SQUARE DANCE SUN 7/26 - 4PM: OLD PEOPLE

3510 STONE WAY N SEATTLE, WA (206) 420-4435 • stonewaycałe.com





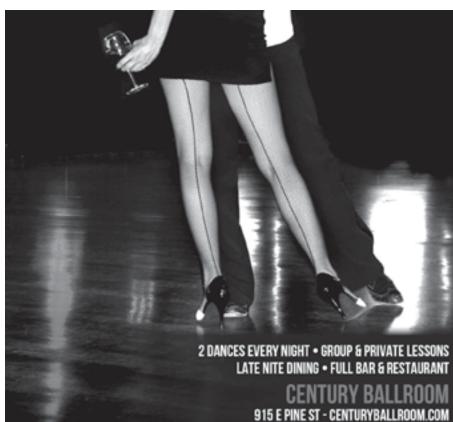
SUE

where going down is more fun

1407 14th ave

5pm to 2am everyday happy hour 5 to 7 everyday





DRUNK OF THE WEEK



KING DAVID AND PIZZA ISLAND his week's column is less about booze-swilling and more about fun-having. I'm here to tell you about the new reigning King of Summer Fun, David. See, David's days involve holding court on a new watery kingdom on Lake Washington—the sovereign state of Pizza Island. If you're lucky enough to reign over one of Pizza Island's slices on any given day, NOTHING else in the world can matter—job stress, failed relationships, all those losing scratch tickets you keep wasting your money on when you're drunk... NONE OF IT MATTERS! Pizza Island is a powerful place of healing, mindfulness, self-realization, and, well, FUN. I plan to sail out to the island on my giant floating doughnut (comes with pink frosting and sprinkles and is available at Bartell Drugs for around \$20). I'll be sure to report back. KELLY O







PERFORMING ARTS Movie Music Live: Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra, \$16/\$19

O LAKE UNION PARK Pianos in the Parks Kick-off

7/17

O ANACORTES MUSIC CHANNEL Shipwreck Music

BARBOZA Memory Tapes, Computer Magic, 7 pm, \$10 BLUE MOON TAVERN Hound Dog Taylor's Hand, Wally Shoup Trio, Dave

 BLUES RANCH Winthrop
Rhythm & Blues Festival CAFE RACER The Other Band on Earth, Catapults Sunken Rockets, 9 pm. free

* CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Substrata 1.5: Mary Lattimore, Lubomyr Melnyk, Taylor Deupree, 7 pm CHINA HARBOR Orquesta la Solucion, 9:30 pm, \$15 CHOP SUEY Showdown: Heart vs. Fleetwood Mac CLUB SUR VNDMG. 8 pm.

CONOR BYRNE Ramblin' Years, Foghorns, Sam Russell and the Teen Soul

* CROCODILE Clap Your Hands Say Yeah, the Velvet Teen, Teen Men, 8 pm, \$20 O CROSSROADS SHOPPING CENTER Sempre Sisters

DARRELL'S TAVERN Swindler, Eric Blu & the Soul Revue

DIMENSION Da Beckoning,

DEL CORAZON The Ataris Encourager, 8 pm, \$13/\$15; Millhous, 13 Scars, Land of

Wolves, guests, 9 pm, \$7 FADO IRISH PUB JP

O GOLDEN DYNASTY Michele D'Amour and the Love Dealers, 9 pm, free

O GRANT COUNTY COURTHOUSE GROUNDS Basin Summer Sounds HIGH DIVE the JV, Voyager Year of the Cobra, \$8 HIGHWAY 99 Motown

★ O HOLLOW EARTH RADIO Agatha, Feral Future Bad Future, Slow Code, 8 pm, \$7

O JAZZ ALLEY John Mayall JAZZBONES Studebaker John & the Hawks, 8 pm,

O JERICHO BEACH PARK Festiva

LO-FI Malaikat Dan Singa, MTNS, Charms, Red Liquid, DJ Mamma Casserole MARS BAR Live Music:

NECTAR Ces Cru, Slightly Flagrant, Capriccio, guests NEUMOS Ryn Weaver O OCCIDENTAL SQUARE
TubaLuba

O PEMBERTON VALLEY RENDEZVOUS A Weekend at the Feelies, Pageant, Eggshells, 9:30 pm, \$7

 SALSA CON TODO Salsa con Todo Drop-In Classes and Social Dance SEAMONSTER Live Funk

SHANTY TAVERN Hartwood, Sun City Revue, 9 pm, \$7 SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Eyes on the Shore, Ghost Parade, Xolie Morra & the Strange Kind, 9 pm, \$7

SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Jimm McIver, Walter Salas-Humara, Christy McWilson, 9 pm

SUNSET TAVERN Space

THERAPY LOUNGE Eleven Pond, Shadowhouse, Seaside Tryst, 9 pm, \$8

O TOLT-MCDONALD PARK Timber! Outdoor Music Festival

TRACTOR TAVERN Brothers of the Sonic Cloth, Heiress, He Whose Ox Is Gored TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE
Danny Godinez

THE TRIPLE DOOR
THEATER The Cloves,
Alessandra Rose

leart by Heart, Spike npalers, 7 pm, \$10 O VERA PROJECT Mark Battles, Derek Luh, Scru

TULALIP RESORT CASINO

vermillion Wildstyle VICTORY LOUNGE Retirement, City Hall, 9 pm

JAZZ

Face Jean

EGAN'S JAM HOUSE MaqueAttack, 7 pm, \$14 TRIPLE DOOR
MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Joe Doria Trio

TULA'S Steve Wilson

VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE New Triumph: 9 pm, free

LD

ASTON MANOR #AstonMob Fridays: Guests

BALLROOM Rendezvous BALMAR Top 40: Guests. BALTIC ROOM Fundamental

CUFF DJ Night: Rotating FOUNDATION Caked Up, 10 pm, \$15

HAVANA Viva Havana & Havana Social KREMWERK Sin MERCURY Black Light

District

NEIGHBOURS Absolut Q NIGHTCLUB DI Kutt

R PLACE Swollen Fridays:

* RE-BAR Hydro Funk **★ THERAPY LOUNGE** HISSSSSSIX: Zen of Tomorrow: Guests, 8 pm TRINITY Playday: Guy, VSOP, Tyler and DJ Phase

CLASSICAL

O BAINBRIDGE PERFORMING ARTS Movie Music Live: Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra, \$16/\$19

 BENAROYA HALL Seattle Chamber Music Society, 8 pm, \$48

SAT 7/18 LIVE

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show: 8 pm, free

ANACORTES MUSIC CHANNEL Shipwreck Music

BLUE MOON TAVERN Non

 BLUES RANCH Winthrop Rhythm & Blues Festival

★ CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Substrata 1.5: Tiny Vipers, Panabrite, Rachel Grimes, Shuttle358, Paul Clipson, 6:30 pm

CHATEAU STE. MICHELLE Harry Connick, Jr., 7:30 pm CLUB HOLLYWOOD CASINO Johnny and the Bad Boys, DJ Becka Page, 9 pm, \$5

CONOR BYRNE Po' Brothers, the Bend, Radar, 9 pm, \$8

CROCODILE The Both.

THE HOMOSEXUAL AGENDA

BY ADRIAN RYAN

WEDNESDAY 7/15

ROBBIE'S POUND OF FLESH I have been oh so neglectful of Robbie

Turner lately, and all I can say is FIE ON ME! She's a marvel, a minxy muse who has dazzled and adored us for so very long. It's just too easy to take what's good for granted. You may or may not know that tonight is her signature night at R Place. She took the slot formerly known as ASS (Amateur Strip Show, don't be rude), threw a bucket of glitter and a barnful of rainbows all over it, and turned it into something, well, filthy—but also guite fantabulous indeed. There will be, as mentioned (PAY ATTENTION!), the requisite strip show with exhibitionists culled from the crowd, "hot bod" contests (ooooh!), dancing, drinking, and no better chance or reason to get half naked in front of a room full of future ex-husbands. The whole package (pun intended) will be all wrapped up in Robbie's signature charm and style. R Place, 8 pm, free, 21+.

FRIDAY 7/17

BUTCH QUEEN QUEENS AGAIN

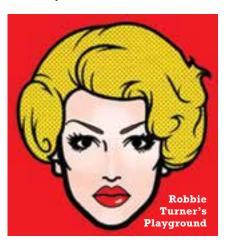
It's been two years too long since Butch Queen graced our ears, molested our hearts, and dazzled our eyeballs with its dark magics. However! There are two very important rules you must adhere to in order to even get through the godforsaken door—put some tape on your nipples and blue jeans are strictly forbidden! (The last misguided fool who tried to enter the unhallowed halls of the Mercury in denim is now decomposing in an oil barrel somewhere around Hanford.) Consider this night an opportunity to revel in dark and delicious fantasy and to twirl madly to the spinnings of the DJs Kid Amiga and RC Meow. This event is a fundraiser for the ever-amazing Gender Justice League, an organization and cause near and dear to all of our black little hearts. Mercury, 9 pm.

\$5-\$7 (RSVP encouraged), 21+.

SATURDAY 7/18

TRANSFABULOUS GOOD-BYE TO **CHERRY SUR BÊTE**

What a true treasure (a trueasure?) our darling Cherry Sur Bête has been. Have you heard those awful rumors that she's leaving us forever in favor of the wilds of Los Angeles or something? (Gurl, ain't you heard they're all out of water? Shoo...)



and her perfect eyebrows (who also plans to abandon us soon, sniff!), Tina Tokyo, and Kara Sutra Sur Bête will be sending her off with singular performances tonight, plus a final farewell from the lady of the hour herself. "It will be my last performance in Seattle for a while," she assures us. The event is put on by The Lady B. who tells us that VIP quests get seated up front, a poster signed by the cast, and lots of extra attention by hers truly, but only if you want it because "consent is sexy"! Au revoir, sweet Cherry! And may flights of fabulous demons wing thee to thy Los Angeles. Or something. Kremwerk. 8 pm, \$10/\$15 VIP, 21+.

Well, the rumors are all tragically 100

percent true. The inimitable Dita Sur Bête

DARRELL'S TAVERNWhorechata, Los Peligrosos, Pleasure Island

O EL CORAZON The Phenomenauts, the Fabulous Downey Brotl Groggy Bikini, guests, 8 pm, \$10/\$12

O EMERGENCY FEEDING The Houser Music Festiva FADO IRISH PUB Weatherside Whiskey

O GRANT COUNTY COURTHOUSE GROUNDS

Basin Summer Sounds HIGH DIVE Julia Massey & The Five Finger Discount, Casey Ruff & the Mayors of Ballard, Levi Fuller & the Library

HIGHWAY 99 Karen Lovely

Band, 8 pm, \$15

Diazz ALLEY John Mayall O JERICHO BEACH PARK Vancouver Folk Music

★ KREMWERK Girl Bye LUCID Sidewinder, 9:30 pm

MARYMOOR PARK
NeedtoBreathe, Switchfoot, NeedtoBreathe, Switchfoo Drew Holcomb and the Neighbors, Colony House NECTAR Rewind, guests
NEUMOS Fu Manchu, 8 pm OLD SCHOOL PIZZERIA Happy Diving, Never Young

Nappy Eximity, Never roung Na **★ ②** PEMBERTON VALLEY Pemberton Music Festiva

RENDEZVOUS Where My Bones Rest Easy, Trashlor Dead Spells, 9:30 pm, \$8 **O** SEATTLE SPRINGFREE

O THE SHOWBOX KMFDM, Chant, Black December SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB
Thread the Sky, Chrysalis
Ice Teeth

★ SLIM'S LAST CHANCE 6th Annual Cornbread Ball:

Disco Cowboys, Sourmash Stevedores, Shakey

O STEVE COX MEMORIAL PARK White Center Jubilee Days Street Fair

★ SUBSTATION Jay Tripwire, Bert & Chewy, Roman Zawodov SUNSET TAVERN Big Sandy

& His Fly Rite Boys, the Far West, 9 pm, \$15

Timber! Outdoor Music Festival TRACTOR TAVERN

Aqueduct, Bardot, the Echolarks TRIPLE DOOR

MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE
Dirty Revival, 9 pm, free O THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER Landau Eugene

Murphy Jr. • VERA PROJECT TV Girl, Novelty Daughter, Red Alder, 7:30 pm, \$10/\$12

VERMILLION Pad Pushers VICTORY LOUNGE Go Daijo, Oranges from the President

O VILLAGE WINES Jessica Lynne, 7 pm, free

★ ② WEST SHORE PARKS & RECREATION Rock the

★ ② ZIDELLYARDS Project Pabst

JAZZ

BRASS TACKS Triangular Jazztet, 7 pm, free

EGAN'S JAM HOUSE Elizabeth Carpenter, Victor Janusz, guests, 7 pm, \$12, Bad News Botanists, 9

SEAMONSTER Sea Bop: 8 pm, free

O SERAFINA Sue Nixon Quartet, 9 pm, free TULA'S Steve Wilson Quartet, 7:30 pm, \$20

★ VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Kareem Kandi, the

Tarantellas, 6 pm, free

DJ

ASTON MANOR NRG

BALLROOM Sinful

BALMAR Top 40 Night BALTIC ROOM Crave

BARBOZA Inferno CHOP SUEY Dance Yourself

CORBU LOUNGE Saturd Night Live: DJ BBoy, DJ 5 Star

CUFF DJ Night: Rotating DJs, 10 pm, free

THE EAGLE Area 2181 FOUNDATION Project 46. guests, 10 pm, \$15/\$20 HAVANA Viva Havana & Havana Social

MERCURY Machineries of Joy: DJ Hana Solo, \$5 MONKEY LOFT Summer Saturday 12 Hour Parties NEIGHBOURS Powermix: DJ Randy Schlager

PONY Meat: Amateur Youth Dee Jay Jack

Q NIGHTCLUB Madness: Guests, 10 pm, \$12 R PLACE Therapy Saturday

RE-BAR Ceremony: DJ Evan Blackstone, guests, 10 pm, \$5 ★ REVOLVER BAR Brit Pop Brunch: DJ Jimi C, 11

am, free RUNWAY CAFE DJ David N, free

TRINITY Reload Saturdays

CLASSICAL

O BAINBRIDGE PERFORMING ARTS Movie
Music Live: Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra, \$16/\$19

SUN 7/19 LIVE

AQUA BY EL GAUCHO Ben Fleck, 6 pm, free BARBOZA Son Little: 8

Ø BENAROYA HALL John

© BLUES RANCH Winthrop Rhythm & Blues Festival ★ CAFE RACER The Racer Sessions, 7:30 pm, free CHATEAU STE. MICHELLE ick, Jr., 7:30 pm

\$57.50/\$99.50 COLUMBIA CITY THEATER
The Decoys, Crystal Desert

© CROCODILE Young
Rising Sons, Hunter Hunted
© EL CORAZON Words from Aztecs, guests, 8 pm, \$8/\$10

O EMERGENCY FEEDING The Houser Music Fe

WNDFRM, Mark Henrickson, Vance Galloway, Josef Gaard, 8 pm

HIGH DIVE Laura and the Killed Men, Sleeping Planthe Pop Cycle, 8 pm, \$6 **HIGHLINE** Ides of Gemini, Clay Rendering, Mongrel

O JAZZ ALLEY John Mavall JERICHO BEACH PARK Vancouver Folk Music Festival: Taj Mahal, Basia Bulat, Phosphorescent, Trampled By Turtles, quests KELLS Liam Gallaghe

★ ② KEYARENA Rush LITTLE RED HEN Open Mic **LO-FI** Kaw, the Classical, Stres, Zen Mother

★ ② NEPTUNE THEATRE
Against Me!, Frank lero & the
Cellabration, Annie Girl &
the Flight, 8 pm, \$26/\$46 **NEUMOS** Bomba Estereo, Mitu, 8 pm, \$18

DATA BREAKER

BY DAVE SEGAL

THURSDAY 7/16 **NOTHING IS CERTAIN IN DIOGENES'S** MUSIC EXCEPT DEATH AND ACID

Tonight's excellent lineup contains four artists who've gotten enough ink in Data Breaker to tattoo every square inch of their bodies, and then some. Tim Held, Raica, Marcus Price, and Panabrite all rule: you can check The Stranger's archives to find out why. Let us focus instead on Diogenes (aka Dax Edword, the guy who heads the great HISSSSSS cassette DJ monthly at Vermillion), a hiphop producer who has a keen ear for unusual and winning samples, which lends his tracks a memorable and weird funkiness. His new album, Death & Acid, reflects Diogenes's mercurial arranging skills as he ingeniously layers a cornucopia of seemingly

disparate elements over 22 concise tracks—none surpassing three minutes. Death & Acid is trippy and disorienting in the manner of underground classics by MPC subversives like DJ Frane and Sixtoo. Head to Digoenes's well-stocked Bandcamp page for this and more aural discombobulation. Barboza, 8 pm, \$5, 21+.

AUSSIE ELECTRO-ROCK ROMANTICS CUT COPY TO DJ STUDIO 4/4

Australian quartet Cut Copy are known for their ebullient, romantic electronic rock that resonates with the masses, especially at outdoor festivals. Sometimes, though, these guys like to DJ, because that means they don't have to lug their instruments from Down Under, yet they can still receive a healthy chunk of change for their efforts. To give you an idea what they might spin at Studio 4/4 tonight. check out Cut Copy's newest mixtape on SoundCloud, Forest Through the Trees. It's full of summery, slinky jams that nonchalantly coax you onto the dance floor rather than vank you there. They also have the excellent taste to include Talking



Heads' "I Zimbra." With Knightlife. Q Nightclub, 9 pm, \$16 adv, 21+.

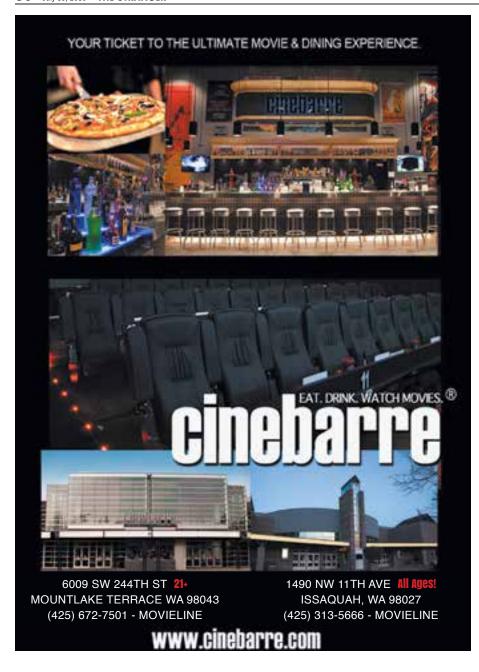
SUNDAY 7/19

WNDFRM DIALS IN HIS DUB TECHNO TO THE BASIC CHANNEL

Some of you may wake up on Sunday feeling fatigued from Substrata 1.5, the three-day experimental/ambient festival that directly precedes this show, but do try to reserve some energy for it. Headliner wndfrm (aka Portland producer Tim Westcott) has cracked the code to creating sublime minimal techno with dub undertones. Many have attempted to achieve this Basic Channel-esque state of grace, but few today in the Northwest do it as well as wndfrm. Live, his sets usually start in ambient stasis and then gradually accelerate into a slyly seductive chugging rhythm, embellished with all sorts of minute textural particles and percussive touches. Wndfrm's 2014 Formal Variant EP wowed notoriously hard-to-please aficionado Charles Mudede, and rightly so. Making his live debut is Monadh, aka Seattle producer/field recordist Jake Muir. If his aptitude for the beatific ambient music found in his DJ mixes is any indication, his own productions should gently lift you onto a higher plane of consciousness. With Mark Henrickson, Vance Galloway, and Josef Gaard. Gallery 1412, 8 pm. \$5 suggested donation, all ages.

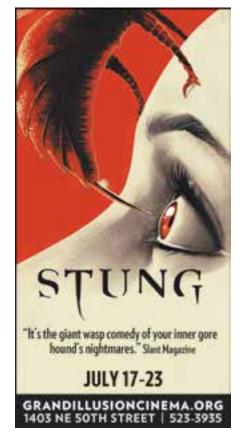














★ ② PEMBERTON VALLEY
Pemberton Music Festival RENDEZVOUS Echo Texture Jed and the Sunkillers, 9:30 pm. \$6

substation Abi Grace & the Feral Folk, Saint John, J'Owl

TIM'S TAVERN Kirsten Silva's Seattle Songwriter Showcase: Guests TRACTOR TAVERN Alvse

Black, My Cartoon Heart, Intisaar Jubran, 8 pm, \$8 TRIPLE DOOR
MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE
Cracker Factory

THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER Alb Cummings, 7:30 pm

VICTORY LOUNGE Walter & Perry, Vasudeva, Detlef, Chung Antique, 9 pm, \$7 * O WEST SHORE PARKS & RECREATION Rock the

★ ② ZIDELLYARDS Project

JAZZ

THE ANGRY BEAVER The

Sunday Night Jazz Jam: Guests, free

O THE ROYAL ROOM Monty Banks, 8 pm, suggested donation \$5-\$15

★ © TULA'S Jazz Underground, 3 pm, \$8; Jim Cutler Jazz Orchestra, 7:30

★ VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Ruby Bishop, 6 pm, free; the Ron Weinstein Trio, 9:30 pm, free

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Resurrection Sundays CONTOUR Broken Grooves **corbu lounge** Salsa

NEIGHBOURS Noche Latina PONY TeaDance: DJ El Toro, Freddy King of Pants,

R PLACE Homo Hop ★ RE-BAR Flammable: DJ Wesley Holmes, Xan Lucero, guests, 9 pm, \$10

CLASSICAL

O BAINBRIDGE PERFORMING ARTS Movie Symphony Orchestra, \$16/\$19

O OLYMPIC MUSIC
FESTIVAL Olympic Music

MON 7/20 LIVE

88 KEYS Blues On Tap. 8-11 pm, free

AMERICANA Open Mic, BARBOZA Boxed In, guests

★ BLACK LODGE Autonomy, Validation, 8:30 pm

CAPITOL CIDER EntreMundos

CONOR BYRNE Bluegrass HIGHLINE Nathan Kalish &

the Lastcallers, L'Orchestre D'Incroyable, Tim Dunn and the Funn, 9 pm, \$7

KREMWERK Squim, Sleeping with the Earth, Stellar Angles, guests, 6 pm, \$5

MOLLY MAGUIRES Open Mic: Hosted by Tom Rooney, free O NEPTUNE THEATRE

Rickie Lee Jones, 8 pm, \$37

RENDEZVOUS Red Wanting Blue, 8 pm substation Open Mic: Guests

sunset tavern Heems, 8

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Crossrhythm Sessions, 9 pm. free O THE TRIPLE DOOR

VERMILLION Fountainsun, Fletcher Tucker, Party Store

JAZZ

THE ROYAL ROOM The Royal Room Collective

Music Ensemble, 8 pm TULA'S Ph Factor Big Band

BALTIC ROOM lam lam ★ BAR SUE Motown on Mondays

★ **© FREMONT ABBEY**No Lights No Lycra: 8:30 pm, \$5

THE HIDEOUT Industry MOE BAR Moe Bar Monday

TUES 7/21 LIVE

O AMBER RESTAURANT
Folias, 6 pm, \$10 for tango class and practice/\$5 dance only/free to watch BARBOZA Alex Wiley, Johnny Polygon, Fine Malt Lyrics

O BENAROYA HALL Morrissey, 7:30 pm

CAFE RACER Jacobs Posse ★ ② CAPITOL THEATER (OLYMPIA) Lucinda Williams, 8 pm, \$30/\$35

O CHIHULY GARDEN AND GLASS Kore Ionx

CHOP SUEY Summit Block
Party Benefit Show
COLUMBIA CITY THEATER The Best Open Mic Ever

CONOR BYRNE Country Dancing Night: 9 pm CROCODILE Rocky Rivera, the Bar, Otayo Dubb & Equipto

EL CORAZON Young EL CORAZON Young Dubliners, the Bog Hoppers, Ockham's Razor, Stout Pounders, 8 pm, \$15/\$18; Growwing Pains, Sunset Flip, Sir Coyler & his Asthmatic Band, guests, 9 pm, \$7

O FREMONT ABBEY Sam Lee HIGH DIVE Coastwest

Unrest, Martin Howls Corbitt THE HOLLYWOOD TAVERN

Ian Skavdahl, 7 pm, free O IBM PLAZA Kissing Potion, Tues, Jul 21, no KELLS Liam Gallagher

• KENT STATION Sundae and Mr. Goessl, Tues, Jul 21, noon, free

LO-FI Sweet Nothings, Charles Ellsworth, Rory Gannon, 9 pm, \$7 **NECTAR** Paula Flores

 NEUMOS Penguin Prison PARAGON You Play

SEAMONSTER The Cosmopolites, 8 pm; McTuff Trio, 11 pm, free SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Baby Ketten Karaoke: 9 pm, free

TIM'S TAVERN Open Mic: Linda Lee, 8 pm O VERA PROJECT Dick

VICTORY LOUNGE Gentlemen Slow Code

★ ② WOODLAND PARK zoo Blondie, Melissa Etheridge

JAZZ

O JAZZ ALLEY Catherine

OWL N'THISTLE Jazz with Eric Verlinde: 9 pm, free TULA'S Roadside Attraction Big Band, 7:30 pm, \$8

BALTIC ROOM Drum & Bass Tuesdays: Guests, BLUE MOON TAVERN

Blue Moon Vinyl Revival Tuesdays: DJ Country Mike, A.D.M., guests, 8 pm, free CORBU LOUNGE Club NYX
Wave & Goth

DARRELL'S TAVERN DJ Wade T, free

HAVANA Real Love '90s: BlesOne, Jay Battle, \$3; free before 11 p.m.

MERCURY Die: Black Maru, Major Tom, \$5

NEIGHBOURS Pump It Up: Vogue: DJ Lightray

ROB ROY Analog Tuesdays:

Guests, free CLASSICAL

O BAINBRIDGE PERFORMING ARTS Movie Music Live: Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra, \$16/\$19





GEMMA BOVERY A plurality of Britons concur that Gemma Arterton is pretty.

A Quintessentially Average Beauty

Gemma Arterton's Face Is the Only Thing Worth Noticing About Gemma Bovery

BY CHARLES MUDEDE

n a famous passage of The General Theory, John Maynard Keynes, the most influential economist of the 20th century, likens the profession of stock trading and speculation to a newspaper

competition that has readers pick the six prettiest faces out of 100 pictures. The person whose choice "most nearly corresponds with the average preferences of the competitors as a whole" wins the prize. The trick is: Contestants who want to win aren't meant to pick their favorite faces but those they think others are most likely to select as well. It is an attempt to establish an average taste for beauty. If you see a face with a wart on its

nose, even if you find warts incredibly sexy, you do not select that picture because you know the average person will probably find warts unattractive. This is the game investors play on the market, claims Keynes.

"It is not a case of choosing those which, to the best of one's judgment, are really the prettiest," he wrote, "nor even those which average opinion genuinely thinks the prettiest. We have reached the third degree where

we devote our intelligences to anticipating what average opinion expects the average opinion to be. And there are some, I believe, who practise the fourth, fifth and higher

I bring this up because of something that occurred to me one night when I could not sleep because of the heat dome that had parked over our region and showed no sign of moving. I was in bed sweating and thinking about a new French film, $Gemma\ Bovery$, which I had just seen and is about Gemma Bovery (Gemma Ar-

Gemma Bovery

dir. Anne Fontaine

SIFF Cinema Uptown

terton), a youngish and rather ordinary English woman who, after settling in rural France with her middle-aged and average-looking English hus-

band, Charles (Jason Flemyng), becomes the obsession of an elderly French baker named Martin (Fabrice Luchini). The baker is also a failed artist and amateur intellectual, and so can't help but notice the propinquity of the names and circumstances of these Brits and Gustave Flaubert's famous fictional character

The baker falls in love with Gemma, who in turn falls in love with a dashing and young local aristocrat. Gemma has had another lover in the near past—a hard-hearted professor. All the men want her, and that is pretty much the whole movie. Thanks largely to Fabrice Luchini's comic performance, it's reasonably entertaining, particularly if you're the kind of person who likes Flaubert references in your romantic comedies.

Now, as I thought about this film (a noisy fan keeping me awake as much as the thick heat), an interesting idea entered my mind in much the same way a breeze occasionally entered through the window, stirring the white curtains. If there were a contest that required me to guess the face that would most likely be chosen as the average standard of beauty by millions of Brits-each of whom would also be trying to guess which face their fellow Brits might pick—I would place my bet on the face belonging to Gemma Arterton, a British actress who in fact did beat an astounding 1,500 candidates for the role of Bond girl Strawberry Fields in the 2008 film Quantum of Solace. Arterton's face does almost nothing for me personally; I'm only interested in it because it possesses features (eyes, nose, nostrils, lips, chin, hair) that I think the minds of others are thinking that this is what others think of when they think of mass appeal.

I can easily imagine other people imagining that Arterton's plainly elegant nostrils possess the sort of elegant plainness that others would imagine others imagining. Her brown eves have a liveliness that is simple. They have none of the insane intensity of, say, Eva Green-whose eyes could burn a hole through a wall. Arterton's lips are neither small nor full. They have just enough

shape to them. I would never pick Cate Blanchett in a contest for average preferences. Her lips have too much shape, and I can imagine someone

else not picking her lips because they know everyone else will think that everyone else is not picking them for their excessive shapeliness. There is also the matter of Arterton's cheeks, which are not too rosy, too smooth, or too fleshy, which makes them perfect for a contest of who people think others think is the prettiest on average.

I finally went to sleep around the time the sun rose to roast our city. ■

Mark Ruffalo's Performance of a Bipolar Adult Needs **More Calm Moments in** Infinitely Polar Bear

BY IJEOMA OLUO

Infinitely Polar Bear

dir. Maya Forbes

Sundance Cinemas, Pacific Place

verything about Mark Ruffalo is slightly harried and disheveled. It added humanity to his Hulk and made him a lovable, irresponsible cad in *The Kids Are All Right*.

So portraying a man recovering from a manic-depressive breakdown while raising two willful preteen daughters seems like a perfect fit for

the actor. In ${\it Infinitely~Polar~Bear},~{\rm Ruffalo}$ plays Cameron, a Boston husband who finds himself becoming the primary caretaker of two daughters after his wife, Maggie (Zoe Saldana), leaves to New York to find work.

A man who seems wholly unable to care for himself is now responsible for the well-being of two girls who have been forced to grow up

> too soon. Cameron's rapidfire, curse-filled language and overeagerness for just about everything in life both terrify and delight his children.

Neighbors in their Boston apartment building do all they can to avoid his innocent yet wholly inappropriate gestures of friendship. The girls' mother returns home on weekends to survey the havoc with a look of fear and exhaustion.

Ruffalo jumps into the manic nature of Cameron with a gusto that at first is quite entertaining, but eventually begins to feel tiring. (The one calming force in the film, the girls' mother, has too little screen time to balance Ruffalo's character.) The thing about manic depression is that it's not all manic all the time. This film spans the course of a year in the life of this family, and rarely in the film is Cameron not bouncing off all of the walls. The cumulative effect

gives Cameron an immaturity that doesn't do justice to the full lives of bipolar adults. Having many adult friends with bipolar disorder, I can attest that there are highs and lows and so very much in between. While they may often struggle with the emotional extremes of their disorder, they are still adults.

Infinitely Polar Bear is actually based on a true story from the life of the writer and director, Maya Forbes, whose father lived



with bipolar disorder. It is easy to see that this film was written with love and care, but it feels more like a remembrance of the loudest moments of Maya's childhood instead of a complete and realistic story. The yelling matches, the broken-down cars, the moments of embarrassment—those are the stories that we tell at family gatherings, but it's the little moments we don't mention that make a life, and a film. \blacksquare













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LIMITED RUN

A PIGEON SAT ON A BRANCH REFLECTING ON EXISTENCE The work of Swedish ad director-turned-auteur Roy

Andersson defines the term *sui generis*. With their faded color palette, episodic structure, and pasty-faced, slow-moving actors, they're more like live-action comic-strip panels than traditional narrative features. For those with morbid sensibilities, they're also quite funny. A Pigeon Sat on a Branch Reflecting on Existence, the third film in a trilogy about the human condition, coalesces less neatly

than Songs from the Second Floor and You, the Living, but the absurdity of modern life remains the name of Andersson's game. The film begins with two vignettes involving a heavyset man struggling to open a bottle of wine and a dying woman refusing to relinquish her purse, while the third section revolves around passive-aggressive novelty toy salesmen

Sam (Nils Westblom) and Jonathan (Holger Andersson). Supporting characters include a ferryboat captain, a lonely old man, and a dance student and his instructor. The camps don't interact with each other, but rather with WWII barmaids, 18th-century kings, and whatever else the 72-year-old director can pull out of his hat. If the results are less satisfying than the previous entries in the trilogy, there's nothing like an Andersson film, in which every scene has been painstakingly crafted for maximum visual impact. (KATHY FENNESSY) Northwest Film Forum, Fri 8 pm, Sat-Sun 4, 8 pm, Mon 3, 8 pm, Tues 8 pm.

This movie's story (a Norwegian scientist going through a breakup visits Paris for a conference on the weight of a kilo and begins a cold friendship with another man) did nothing for me. But its art direction, wardrobe, cinematography, and editing are just impeccable. You do not need to worry about the plot (what is going to happen to the lonely scientist? Will she ever find happiness?) to greatly enjoy *Grams*. The pleasures of the film are entirely visual: the interiors of the lab, the scientist's blue electric car, her uniform home in the uniform suburbs, her neat shoes and modern dresses. This scientist, Marie (Ane Dahl Torp), looks like she is living in the future, but this future is also the world we live in now. (CHARLES MUDEDE) **SIFF** Film Center, Fri-Sat 5:45, 7:45 pm, Sun 3:45, 5:45 pm; SIFF Cinema Uptown, Mon-Tues 5 pm.

* CARTEL LAND

At times, it's a little difficult to believe that Cartel Land is,

in fact, a documentary. The cinematography is so crisp and gorgeous, and the level of access filmmaker Matthew Heineman got to narcos (and anti-narco vigilantes) in Mexico verges on the improbable. It opens and closes with meth cooks wearing masks, brewing up a big batch in the jungle by flashlight. There are scenes of nighttime patrols with self-appointed US border guardians, chaotic firefights on the streets of Michoacán, and visits to a vigilante interrogation palace where they boast that neither the narcos nor the police have much influence—because, as the film argues, the drug war is good business for both narcos and cops, effectively making them partners.

But when citizen vigilantes organize on both

sides of the border, with no real oversight, things get ugly. In this shifting war of all on all, nobody-including the filmmaker-can be sure whether he's working with good guys

or bad guys. Cartel Land spends a little time tromping up and down the border with US vigilantes who capture, on camera, some undocumented migrants, but it mostly dedicates itself to Jose "El Doctor" Mireles, a leader of the Mexican *autodefensas*, vigilantes who enforce their own laws in their own ways and surely end up torturing and killing the wrong people. Once the autodefensas are formally recognized and sanctioned by the state as a legitimate armed law-enforcement organization, their politics and allegiances become even more compromised. By the end of the film, Cartel Land demonstrates that those meth cookers in the forest are entangled in a complicated web of money and power that includes police and narcos and vigilantes—and the lines between those columns are so blurry, they may not even exist. The market is the market and it absorbs whatever necessary to keep itself going. (BRENDAN KILEY) SIFF Cinema Uptown, Fri-Sun 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45 pm, Mon-Tues 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45 pm.

* REBELS OF A NEON GOD

This classic of the Taiwanese new wave was made at a fascinating moment at the end of the 20th century: the material and cultural transition from the '80s to the '90s. In this zone, we observe the twilight of the video arcade, porn videos, and the phone booth. The first is to end up in the living room, the second, in our laptops, and the last, in our pockets. In Neon God, a young man, Ah-tze (Chen Chao-jung), and a woman, Ah Kuei (Wang Yu-wen), fall in love in a world that seems to be heading nowhere. Where are all of these video games, roller skaters, cheap motels, cheap sexual thrills, these Japanese motorbikes taking them? They have no idea. The lovers have the feeling they are living at the end of something, but all they can do is



MURDER, NBC WROTE

It's with great regret that I inform you that your favorite TV show, Hannibal (NBC. Thursdays, 10 pm), has not been picked up for a fourth season, and... WHADDAYA MEAN HANNIBAL ISN'T YOUR FAVORITE SHOW?! Look, I write about Hannibal probably more than any other current TV show, so ACTUALLY it's already been well established (BY ME) that Hannibal is your favorite show. Got it? So apparently you were just confused when you said it wasn't your favorite show? Is that what you're telling me? Yeah. That's exactly what you're telling me.

Anyway, can you believe Hannibal has been canceled by NBC? A show about a serial murderer who regularly kills people and eats their intestines? Or inspires other serial killers to do similarly horrible things, which includes, but is not limited to, stashing dead bodies inside the stomach cavity of a horse? Why on earth would a network cancel a show like this???

Of course, a stupid person could take the opposite tack and wonder why on earth a network would ever ALLOW a show like this. I'LL TELL YOU WHY! (And by the way, you're being waaaaay too cavalier with your constant questions about this excellent show! But I'll deal with you later.) Because not only is Hannibal the most drop-dead-gorgeous show on television (using top-notch cinematography to giddily fetishize murder and haute cuisine), it's also one of the best-written series as well, philosophically exploring the thin line

between sanity and... well, a guy who will happily cut out and sauté your liver.

However! I will allow that Hannibal might be a bit "too much" for the average TV network, whose cash cows are usually reality talent shows and laugh-tracked comedies filled with fart-inspired humor. Therefore, wouldn't Hannibal be a perfect show for maybe HBO, Amazon, or Netflix? Yes, BUT! All these video services have passed on Hannibal—and since the contracts have run out for lead actors Hugh Dancy and Mads Mikkelsen, that means, unless a miracle occurs, this season of Hannibal will be its last.

Wait... are you asleep? Are you seriously sleeping while I'm trying to tell you the most horrible television news of the year? OH FOR THE LOVE OF... you know, for someone who claims that Hannibal is your favorite show, you're not exactly acting like it!! ARE YOU AND I GOING TO HAVE A PROBLEM? Is that what you want?? A PROBLEM?? Yeah. I didn't think so.

Anyhoo! You'll be happy to know I've decided to take matters into my own hands and produce and distribute the fourth season of Hannibal all by myself-with a little help from the show's biggest fan... YOU! I've already been in contact with the video service "YouTube," which told me it will happily show any video I choose to upload. (Their current most-popular shows lean toward trampoline accidents.) I'll be producing, directing, and starring as Hannibal, while you will be portraying my first victim. We'll start filming this weekend in my basement—so don't be late! Wait... what? Is this your favorite show or not? You don't want to have a PROBLEM with me, do you? Yeah. Didn't think so. ■

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live in the end moment by moment. The young man is a petty thief, the young woman has a regular job but spends her free time on the fringes of prostitution. There is a third character in this sad urban story, Hsiao Kang (Lee Kangsheng). He is a dropout from a college preparation school and the son of a proud taxi driver and spiritual mother. In the tense and directionless mood of Hsiao, we see the kind of soil that nourishes a serial killer. But even he is too impotent and confused to commit murder; he instead commits a dumb act of vandalism. Hsiao, like everyone else of his generation, can't move forward in this twilight, which is soon to enter a night that will be terminated by the dawn of new political arrangements in the region and a bright new class of consumer technologies. (CHARLES MUDEDE) SIFF Film Center, Fri-Sat 9:45 pm, Sun 7:45 pm. Mon-Tues 8:30 pm.

STUNG

I gave this goofy horror-comedy an extra chance because, well, I'M TERRIFIED OF INSECTS WITH STINGERS. Wait, I take that back-I'm not afraid of the bug; I'm terrified of the sting. I'm the "special one" they LOVE to bite. Mosquitos annihilate my flesh at backyard barbecues, while others stand around confused by my wild failing and furious spraying of toxic sprays. I mean, I've even sprayed DEET right in my own face—eyeballs be damned! Once rushed to an emergency room with a summer sandal embedded deep inside my wildly swelling wasp-stung foot—so *Stung*, THE MOVIE, touched a nerve. A darkly comedic story of giant wasps wreaking havoc on a rich old person's backyard garden party, *Stung* would have been the perfect midnight B-movie to see at a drive-in theater. Its retro-classic creature-feature style is nicely part ridiculousness and part gore. A flying wasp as big as a Car2Go? SURE! Humans turned into seven-foot-tall insects that erupt from giant gestation-cocoons? WHY NOT? There's a scene early on where a cartoonishly horny woman at the party (also the butt of a "cougar" joke) takes a stinger as big as a baseball bat right in the eye, and another where an escaping human seemingly explodes inside their car. A cameo by veteran actor Lance Henriksen (Aliens, Terminator, Millennium) sends Stung home, making it almost as memorable as other goofy giant creature movies like *Ananconda*, *The Fly*, and one of my favorites, 1972's Night of the Lepus (read: giant mutant rabbits!). (KELLY O) Grand Illusion, Fri 7, 9 pm, Sat 5, 7, 9 pm, Sun 5, 7 pm, Mon-Tues 8 pm.

NOW PLAYING

* AMY

Amy Winehouse died, and we all just watched. If there's one takeaway from the new documentary Amy, it's that our consumption of media related to her addiction played an active role in her death. Throughout the film it becomes clear that Winehouse's death was avoidable, but certain parties always seemed to circumvent her requests for help during a relapse. But the assignment of blame is not this documentary's most important function. Not by a long shot. The recollections of Winehouse's friends—and the footage of young, pre-beehive Amy-are the film's real center. They overshadow any commentary from her ever-creepy ex-husband Blake Fielder-Civil (who admits on camera that he is responsible for her first-time use of both crack cocaine and heroin). His presence is necessary, but, in a refreshing change of pace for Winehouse-related stories, their relationship does not take center stage The clips and pictures of Winehouse in high school help piece together the sense of loss felt by the people who knew and loved her. Once this light has been cast on Winehouse's personality, it's easier to understand the need to hold someone accountable for her death. Yes, she had enormous talent. But even without the soulful voice, this was a special person. She's owed more than the public perceptions of her sordid demise. (LINDSAY HOOD) Various locations.

* INSIDE OUT

If you've seen the trailers, then the basic plot may remind you of that early-'90s Fox sitcom Herman's Head, in which four little characters—representing Herman's psyche—controlled his actions from inside his brain. *Inside Out* is almost exactly like that... except 50.000 times smarter, funnier, and more

NOW PLAYING

heartfelt. Eleven-year-old Riley (voiced by Kaitlyn Dias) has experienced a seemingly perfect childhood... until her father is forced to uproot the family and move them to San Francisco. (It's important to note that Inside Out's version of San Francisco is unlike any romantic, cinematic representation of the city you've ever seen. Here it looks more like Detroit. Circa 1985. Not good.) The little characters controlling Riley's emotions from inside her head are voiced by a laundry list of comedians (most of whom were graciously provided by NBC sitcoms): Amy Poehler resents Joy, a perky sprite who spins every potentially memory into something positive, while Phyllis Smith is Sadness, who's basically a genetic mutation of Debbie Downer and Velma from Scooby-Doo. The remaining emotions include Mindy Kaling as the sarcastically vain Disgust, Bill Hader as the jittery Fear, and comedian Lewis Black basically playing himself as the hotheaded Anger. Inside Out contains some of the smartest one-liners you'll hear all year. But at its heart, the movie is a poignant look at that tender moment in time when a child makes the difficult transition into pubescence—when they first discover that uncomfortable juncture between happiness and sadness, which adults call "bittersweet." (WM. STEVEN HUMPHREY) Various locations.

MAGIC MIKE XXL Do we need to see this same cast of beefheads grind on each other some more, but with higher stakes? Does anyone need more of this? Answers: Yes and OMG YES. FUCK YES, SO MUCH, Channing Tatum returns as Mike Lane, the stripper with a wang of gold. Three years after the first film, Mike's now running his own custom furniture business and wears shirts to his job. Then his old stripper—sorry, MALE ENTERTAINER—pals call him up for a road trip to a stripper convention in Myrtle Beach! Chatum balks for all of four seconds, and then away they go. I loved every second of *Magic Mike XXL* because I love dancing and hot guys and glitter. But I also loved it because it's important to this moment in society. Instead of seeing women as nothing but orifices and/or nags, the dudes of *MMXXL* worship them. During their panty-moistening dance routines, Magic Mike & Co. grind on women of all colors and shapes, and not one would pinch his nose while burying it in some lady's crotch. When the dudes ask each other about their sexual conquests, they ask, "She bang you?" instead of "You fuck her?" These dudes consciously make the man the passive party, and the woman the doer. People, this is PROGRESS! And not only that, but while these men surely recognize the homoeroticism of what they do, there isn't a single gay joke to be found in *Magic Mike XXL*. It is the most prowoman, anti-homophobia film I've seen in a long time. The fact that it's loaded with hot dudes and dance numbers... well, that's nice too. (ELINOR JONES) Various locations.

* MR. HOLMES

Bill Condon and Ian McKellen, who collaborated on the Oscar-winning *Gods and Monsters*, make such a good team that it's almost possible to overlook the director's desultory entries in the Twilight series (he even managed to make the gifted Michael Sheen look like an amateur). In this affecting three-hander, which draws from Mitch Cullin's 2005 novel A Slight Trick of the Mind, McKellen plays Sherlock Holmes as a 93-year-old retiree working on his memoir, struggling with memory loss, reliving two troubling cases, and mentoring an impressionable boy named Roger (Milo Parker, a fine foil). There are also intriguing bits of business concerning bees, wasps, and the restorative bark of the prickly ash. If the idea of a Holmes narrative penned by anyone other than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gives purists pause, Cullin and Condon have done their homework, and *Mr. Holmes* expands on Doyle's work rather than trying to correct or update it for 21st-century sensibilities. The relationship that develops between Sherlock and Roger reflects, in ways both positive and negative, the brilliant detective's previous dealngs with his partner Watson, his nemesis Moriarty, and nis enigmatic brother Mycroft. Laura Linney, as R housekeeper mother, plays one of two women (Hattie Morahan plays the other) who calls Sherlock on his bullshit. If Linney's Irish accent is wobbly, her perceptive characteristics es the flaws in his win-at-all-costs attitude. (KATHY exposes the flaws in his win-at-air-FENNESSY) Various locations.



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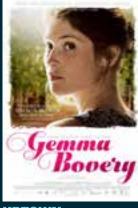
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MICHELLE, YOU GORGEOUS GREENLAKE REDHEAD

You and your frend walked over to meet my pup. Your beauty has been lingering in my mind ever since. Walk the lake some time? When: Wednesday, July 8, 2015. Where: Greenlake. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921176

CUTE REDHEAD WITH ROBOT LUNCHBOX

Your cute green dress and polka dot blouse caught my attention. Wanted to say something but didn't. You got off at the university. Coffee? **When:** Wednesday, July 8, 2015. Where: on the 72 bus. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921175

FRONT ROW - TRANS AM

ing out. Have a feeling amazing taste in music isn't even your most attrac-tive trait. Me. Bearded, also smiling, derby hat & olive green, also rocking out. Broke gaze on band to admire glow~ When: Tuesday, July 7, 2015. Where: Crocodile. You Woman, Me: Man, #921174

I STILL THINK ABOUT YOU

We met at the Boeing Family day,in Everett on 08/23/09 at the East72 gate.I was working.You were an Asiar lady and i was too shy.I would love to be your friend and hopefully you will feel the same. When: Monday August 23, 2010. Where: at the east #72 gate. You: Woman. Me. Man. #921173

PETE FROM CZECH!

Pete, we stayed together at Roy St. for a little while. My name is Manda. I lost your contact info and I'm wornost your contact mind and 1 in Wor-ried about you! Please contact me as soon as you see this! When: Wednesday, May 1, 2013. Where: Near Space Needle. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921172

ASHLEY CATCHING BUS ON EASTLAKEAVEE

You're Ashley and you live in Cap. Hill. Mine is Chris. You asked me for a cigarette. We had fun conversation You said I helped pass the time really well. You almost missed your bus... Wish you had. Find me. When: Wednesday, July 1, 2015. Where: Bus stop at Mercer and Eastlake Ave E. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921171

YOU. DENNY-BLAINE-BEACH. ME. ROSì©.

ME, ROS√E→G).
You: yoga-bod at Denny-Blaine-Beach. Me, drinking rosÃ→G from the bottle wfriend. You offered cups.
Me, too stupid to realize you were flirting. What colour were the cups and when are you going to find me and take me out? x When: Sunday, 5. 2015. Where: Denny Blaine Beach. You: Woman. Me Woman #921170

MEGAN, GREEN LAKE CHOCOLATI 7/4

You: Megan from 80th. Bought my chai & introduced yourself. I: Maura from 73rd. Leggings with Pride flag pattern on the front, stars & stripes on the back. I left, flustered, too soon. When: Noon. Can I buy *you* something? When: Saturday, July 4, 2015. Where: Green Lake colati. You: Woman. Me:

WATERMELON HELMET PRIESTESS

I biked alongside you chatting. Thought you were a friend, turns out you were just a beautiful kind watermelon just a beautiful kind watermeion crowned person. Only after I rode off did I think of asking for your number. Is it too late? When: Wednesday, July 1, 2015. Where: 12th ave and east cherry st. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921168

MAZDA3 125TH AND

GREENWOOD
You driving a light colored Mazda3, wearing a white blouse. Son in the back seat. You both looked at me and smiled, made my evening! Meet for more smiles for drinks/coffee? We stopped at 125th going south on Greenwood. When: Wednesday, July 1, 2015. Where: Driving South on Greenwood Ave N. You: Woman, Me: Man, #921167

REDHEAD ON THE 545

I see you pretty often lately, we both take the 545, you catch me looking, I act like I'm not. Rinse, Wash, Repeat. You sat down across from me today when there were tons of open seats, made my day. When: Wednesday, 1, 2015. Where: 545 Bus. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921166

WEDGWOOD BROILER MONDAY 6/29

You: eating alone across from two loud, giggly girls/chicks/broads. You were a distraction and I apologize if were a distraction and I apologize if the times you caught me glancing at you was uber-creepy. It couldn't be helped....you're a very handsome man. That is all. Carry on. When: Monday, June 29, 2015. Where: Wedgwood Broiler. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921165

ELI MOM AT 100 TATTOO

Eli. It's Genessa. We met at Pride and talked about job possibilities. You texted me and I somehow deleted You texted me and I somehow deleted your number. Please text me again. I want to help. I keep thinking about you! Happy liberation my friend! When: Sunday, June 28, 2015. Where: PrideFest Main Stage Beer Garden. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921164

WESTCREST DOG PARK

SUNDAY 6/28
You were with 3 dogs and wearing a smile and a lovely, flowing sundress that left me wanting more of both. Me with 2 german shepherds. Let's meet again sometime and see if our animals can play nice? When Monday, June 29, 2015. Where: Westcrest Dog Park. Y Woman. Me: Man. #921162

RADIANT CUTIE AT P.C.C.

Piper at Green Lake PCC, damn you're gorgeous, with a smile that resonates long after you've given it... Let's have a conversation sometime! When: Saturday, June 20, 2015. Where: Green Lake P.C.0 Woman. Me: Man. #921161

ONE EYED PURPLE PEOPLE EATER

Took pix of you at Solstice. Would love to show them to you. I was on a fold up bike with helmet. I wasn't trying up bike with helmet. I wasn't trying to be lewd... your smile was amazing, your outlook wasincredible. Dinner is on me. When: Saturday, June 20, 2015. Where: Gas Works Park. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921160

19TH AND THOMAS BUS

STOPDear M, My first 'I Saw U' ad. Kind of embarrassing. My heart was beating faster this morning when I saw you faster this morning when I saw you again. Why? Many possible reasons... want to explore? I love mysteries. And I love uncovering things. xxxx, S When: Thursday, June 25, 2019. Where: 19th and Thomas bus stop. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921158

BAKERY BAR STOOLS

I've run the numbers- it seems we could have had two chairs each and arm-wrestled for the fifth. You live arm-wrestled for the fifth. You live in Madison Park and get to the French bakery for coffee? We just please must be pals. Neighborly, Wi-Fi afficionado When: Thursday, June 25, 2015. Where: Belle Epicurean. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921157

REACHING MY LIMIT

REACHING MY LIMIT
You work at the math study center at UW. Your tattoo is hot. I like how you use pencils with no erasers and scrape the metal against the paper. Come sit next to me some more. When: Wednesday, June 24, 2015. Where: UW Math Center. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921156

ON THE 550

You: Gingery-blonde, green socks. Me: Bearded, purple plaid. You loaded Bearded, purple plaid. You loaded your bike at Westlake. You said hello to a woman you know then pet her small dog. We exchanged a few smiles before I de-boarded at International Station. You're adorable. When: Wednesday, June 24, 2015. Where: 550 Bus at Westlake. You: Man. Me: Man. #921155

HADDI AT FREMONT

SOLSTICE
You and your friend were at Fremont
Brewing and I was holding my
dog. You helped me give her water. I saw you again at Gasworks and we chatted while your friend's phone we chatted wine your friends pinone charged. I'd love to see you again! When: Saturday, June 20, 2015. Where: Fremont Brewing and Gasworks. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921154

ROCKCREEK ON JUNE 22

You were having dinner with what looked like your brother and you dad. I was with friends. Could not stop looking at you. When: Monday, June 22, 2015. Where: Rockcreek. Man. Me: Woman. #921153

FREMONT FAIR DANCING

PUSA

PUSA
We were dancing at the Presidents of
the United States of America show at
the Fremont Fair on June 20th. You
came up beside me to dance and it
was hot and I'd like to dance with you
again. When: Saturday, June 20,
2015. Where: Fremont Fair. You:
Man. Mer. Man. #8021152 2015. Where: Fremont Fai Man. Me: Man. #921152

CHIHULY GARDENS THEATER FRIDAY AFTERNOON

You are a 40-something, tall, lovely black-woman hanging back to let other people have a seat. I was other people have a seat. I was a 40-something white man leaving the theater with my 80 yr old mom. You looked at me looking at you. Hi. Where: Chiluly Garden Theater. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921150

CLARK KENT AT INF BAR

You were the handsome nerd reading Norwegian Wood and eating a delicious pepper biscuit. I just wanted to tell you I liked you're whole aesthetic - The bottle blonde with the teen and the barky little dog. When: Sunday, June 21, 2015. Where: Joe Bar. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921149

ALASKA FLYING

We sat next to each other on the flight, you were heading to a sorority conference and you sing in the Seattle Women's Chorus. Despite our age difference, I'd love to get a drink and see if anything more develops. When: Wednesday, June 17, 2015. Where: On a plane. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921148

"IINREAL" TANDEM TROUBLE

Me: bicycle-built-for-two. You: blonde, glasses, all smiles and compliments for the bike. Cheersed at the bar later. for the bike. Cheersed at the partial control Couldn't help but have two thoughts:

1) Boyfriend? 2) Wish she were tandeming with me! If former isn't the case want to ride? When: Friday. deming with me! If former isn't the case want to ride? When: Friday, June 19, 2015. Where: Neptune Theater. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921147

90'S NIGHT DANCE FLOOR

FALL
I am not the most graceful dancer
and we(I) made quite the scene but the night was memorable. Your laugh and smile was contagious. I hope to swipe you off your feet, in a better way se. When: Tuesday, June 16, 2015. Where: Havana. You Woman. Me: Woman. #921146

DELTA FIRST-CLASS AMAZON

We saw each other in the SanDiego airport, then sat near each other in first-class, flying to Seattle. You tall blond, black top and jeans. Big warm smile. You borrowed a pen You're visiting a daughter. Let's connect. When: Tuesday, June 16, 2015. Where: Delta 5737 SEATAC. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921145

OUTSIDE QUEEN ANNE BOOK COMPANY

I was on an awkward blind "date" as I saw you walk outside the bookstore. I I saw you walk outside the bookstore. I wanted to smile and look at you longer but I was trying to be polite to the woman I was with. You're absolutely beautiful. When: Wednesday, June 17, 2015. Where: Queen Anne Book Company. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921144

TALL BLOND AMAZON DELTA 5737

We first saw each other in the San Diego airport then 1st class. You borrowed a pen from me. I liked everyrowed a pen from me. I liked every-thing about you, your height, figure, style of dress, jewelry, and mostly your warm and large smile! Let's connect. When: Tuesday, June 16, 2015. Where: Delta 5737 SEATAC. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921143

POSER!

We work together. You like good music and know tons of the same people Up until yesterday I thought you were kinda lame... But I feel differently now. I hope we can become friends?
When: Saturday, June 20, 2015.
Where: Pizurple. You: Man. Me:
Woman. #921151





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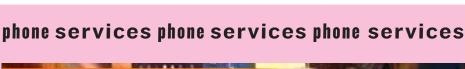


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SAVAGE LOVE

GROUP

STINK

ROOM

Quick Hits by dan savage

I have been happily married for 12 years. I'm deeply in love with my wife—she's amazing, very sexy and gorgeous. I used to be jeal-

ous, but about six years ago, I lost my feelings of jealousy. In their place, I developed a strong desire to share my wife with other men. It's my only fantasy. She knows about this, but she says it's wrong. I never asked her to actually do it. Am I wrong for feeling this way?

A Shamed Husband, A Marital Erotic Deadlock

Objectively speaking, ASHAMED, there's nothing wrong with your fantasy—hell, there would be a fuck of a lot right with your fantasy if your

wife were turned on by it. So when your wife says, "It's wrong," try and hear what she should be saying: "It's wrong for me."

And if you're the optimistic type, ASHAMED, you can opt to hear, "It's wrong for me at the moment." There are lots of women out there happily cuckolding their husbands—or happily playing the role of hotwife—who rejected the idea when their husbands first shared their fantasies. Don't allow yourself to be shamed—"It's not wrong, honey, but I understand it's wrong for us"—and don't pressure your wife to do it, and she may surprise you one day.

My boyfriend and I have been together for two years. I moved in a year ago, and we have been happy living together since. During the past year, I've come across a lot of his ex's old belongings—letters and pictures. It's not like I snoop. He's kind of a hoarder, and I frequently find this stuff tucked in books or drawers. It's starting to frustrate me. I long ago threw away most of my ex's things, and the stuff I did keep is stored in a box that's out of sight and mind. I don't necessarily want him to throw all this stuff away, but I want to feel comfortable in our shared environment. I also want to be able to think about our life together and not his past. How do I communicate this?

 $Ex \'s\ Various\ Items\ Disturb$ $Entirely\ New\ Couple's\ Environs$

I'm like your boyfriend—not a hoarder, but definitely a tucker. I tuck letters and photos and other keepsakes into books, stuff them in the backs of drawers, set them on shelves or beside the rest of the tchotchkes. I do this because (1) I'm not organized/depressed enough to scrapbook, and (2) I like running across old photos or letters when I'm looking for something else.

Perhaps your boyfriend feels the same way—or maybe your boyfriend is a hoarder and a slob. Either way, EVIDENCE, my advice is the same: Own up to your insecurities—tell him that there's nothing about his past that should prevent you from enjoying your present—and then ask him to make a reasonable accommodation. Tell him you would like to place his ex's pictures and letters, as you run across them, into a box that's clearly labeled and easily accessed, but out of sight and mind.

If he says yes, EVIDENCE, take that yes for an answer. That means putting whatever you find away, refraining from griping at your boyfriend about the stuff he chooses to hold on to, and reassuring yourself that a day will soon come when your shared environment is completely ex-proofed.

With my past four serious girlfriends/sexual partners, I noticed that my sweat began to smell more like theirs after we had been sleeping together for a while. Is that a real thing or is it all in my head?

 $Sweat\ Turning\ Into\ New\ Kink$

I haven't heard of this, STINK, and it might be all in your head—but my hunch is that it's

all in your diet. The things you ingest impact the scent of all of your bodily fluids, some more noticeably than others, and the longer you're

with a particular woman, the likelier you are to be sharing the same meals, the same wines, the same beers, juices, recreational drugs, etc., and this is probably what's causing your sweat to smell more like theirs the longer you're together.

Mom came for a week and snooped. She found our bondage stuff, just a set of cuffs and a blindfold, and completely lost her mind. What do we say to

> My Outraged Mom's Madly Yelling

"It's a hotel for you next time."

I am a wife and a cuckold. I'm turned on when my husband sleeps with other women. I have wanted to pursue these fantasies pretty much for as long as I have been in serious relationships. My husband and I have been married for four years, and we worked hard to get to where we are today, learning how to communicate and setting rules. Lately, though, I feel like my feelings are changing. While we do all our communicating with other women in group-chat settings, my husband has more free time than I do. Some $days\ I\ wake\ up\ to\ literally\ hundreds\ of\ message$ exchanges, and I can't keep up or get a word in. Making it worse: I oftentimes have to talk to him about mundane things, like bills and what we are having for dinner, while his conversations with other women revolve around hot sexts. We have better sex than ever, and I come harder, faster, and more often after he has been with another woman. But I am not sure how to reconcile these feelings of jealousy and inadequacy. I worry that he's thinking, "What am I doing with her when I could be by myself and get all the $pussy\,I\,want?"I\,do\,not\,want\,to\,quit\,seeing\,other$ women (see the bit about hot, hot sex), but I do not know how to balance my fears and jealousy. $Trouble\ In\ My\ Intense\ Desires$

Always nice to hear from the exception that proves the rule—typically, husbands get straight couples into cuckolding—but you're not a cuckold, TIMID. Cuckolds are men. Women who are turned on when their husbands cheat on them are *cuckqueans*. (Credit to Annie W., a former coworker who introduced me to that term.)

Okay, TIMID, let's make a list of everything your husband would lose if he dumped you: love, stability, history, family, intimacy, hot sex, and someone to co-tackle the day-to-day crap (cleaning, bills, dinner) that he would otherwise have to tackle all by himself. He would also lose a wife who's happy to let her husband fuck other women—lots of other women—and those wives are few and far between. I'm not saying you're wrong to feel insecure, just that you have more leverage—and more value—than you seem to realize.

Inform your husband that these feelings of jealousy and inadequacy—which are fueled by his thoughtlessness and inconsideration—are putting your arrangement and maybe even your marriage at risk. Your cuckquean marriage, which he ought to regard as a paradise, is only gonna work so long as you feel included (in the fun) and secure (in his commitment). Tell him he has to cut way, way back on the sexting, which has gotten way the fuck out of hand, and that he has to make an effort to include you more, or he risks getting cast out of paradise.

On the Love cast, Dan talks with special guest Tristan Taormino: savagelove cast.com.

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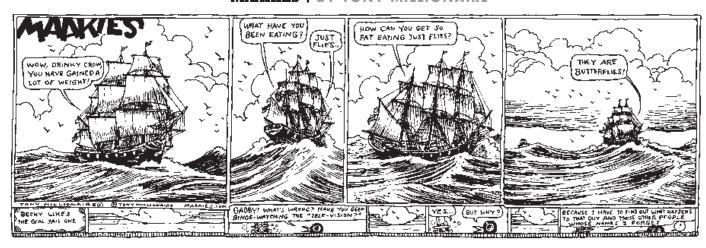


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MAAKIES | BY TONY MILLIONAIRE





The Spits, Wimps, Gazebos
MUSIC Thurs July 16, Chop Suey (1325 E
Madison St)

Spits shows are a rad pile of sweaty punk rock no matter what drug you're on, but this particular Spits show will be opened by two of the best local bands going right now—Wimps! Gazebos!—plus hot jams from DJ MF Cake and DJ Danger Nun. Most



importantly, this night is a memorial for Libra drummer A.J. Pero of Twisted Sister, who died this past March of a heart attack and whom no one on this bill knew personally. I don't think. Condolences anyway.

Nearby snack: Walk up to Central Co-op (1600 E Madison St) and buy a Sin Dawg

[guitar solo] made by Dave's Killer Bread [harmonized guitar solo]. It's a squishy whole-grain bread log with cinnamon goo and seeds rolled into it. It looks weird, but it tastes exactly like rock 'n' roll. What am I even talking about?

Substrata 1.5

MUSIC July 16–18, Chapel Performance Space (4649 Sunnyside Ave N)

For the discerning among us, the fifth annual Substrata experimental/electronic fest brings immersive aural experiences from sound makers like Kentucky composer/pianist Rachel Grimes, Bay Area ambient techno artist bydub, and Panabrite (Seattle's Norm Chambers), to name a few. Do be mindful that this is an intimate setting (as in, not the right place to try out dabs or extreme edibles for the first time).

Nearby snack: Wallingford's Diggity Dog Hot Dog & Sausage Co. (5421 Meridian Ave N) has one mission: "Show the world how delicious and satisfying a truly great hot dog can be." They also have burgers, sandwiches, and a menu for vegetarians, which is very sweet of them.

'Chiho Aoshima: Rebirth of the World'

ART Through Oct 4, Seattle Asian Art Museum (1400 E Prospect St)

The surface of Chiho Aoshima's artwork is

colorful and cute—buildings personified with sweet kawaii faces, friendly UFOs, a woman who is also a peninsula—but closer inspection reveals a surreal darkness humming in the background. Like waking up from a dream so strange it hurt your stomach and left you feeling a bit off the rest of the day.

Nearby snack: Smith (332 15th Ave E) serves mac and cheese, poutine (fries with cheese curds and gravy), and other rustic stoner fare for your heart to attack.

'Magic Mike XXL'

MOVIE/ABS Wide release

I haven't seen this glistening hunk of a film yet, but I received an emergency text recently at 2:35 a.m. (from someone on the East Coast, no less) that simply said: "Please see Magic Mike XXL. It is the best." Yes! I'd already planned to get unbelievably stoned and hit that, even before I read Elinor Jones's great review in The Stranger, which ends with: "Magic Mike XXL is the most pro-woman, anti-homophobia film I've seen in a long time. The fact that it's loaded with hot dudes and dance numbers... well, that's nice too." A male-stripper flick that's prolady and anti–gay jokes? #yaskween.

Nearby snack: I know "we" have been talking about Slurpees a lot (oh, "SORRY"), but have you ever dumped a box of Nerds and a packet of Pop Rocks into one? HAVE YOU? ■

FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

BY ROB BREZSNY

For the Week of July 15

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Stop Making Sense was originally the name of the film and music soundtrack produced by the Talking Heads in the 1980s, and now it is the central theme of your horoscope. I think your brain would benefit from a thorough washing. That's why I invite you to scour it clean of all the dust and cobwebs and muck that have accumulated there since its last scrub a few months back. One of the best ways to launch this healing purge is, of course, to flood all the neural pathways with a fire-hose surge of absurdity, jokes, and silliness. As the wise physician of the soul Dr. Seuss said: "I like nonsense. It wakes up the brain cells."

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): When you read a book that has footnotes, you tend to regard the footnotes as being of secondary importance. Although they may add color to the text's main messages, you can probably skip them without losing much of the meaning. But I don't recommend this approach in the coming days. According to my analysis of the astrological omens, footnotes will carry crucial information that's important for you to know. I mean this in a metaphorical sense as you live your life as well as in the literal act of reading books. Pay close attention to the afterthoughts, the digressions, and the asides

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): The English word "quiddity" has two contrary definitions. It can refer to a trivial quibble. Or it can mean the essential nature of a thing—the quality that makes it unique. I suspect that in the coming weeks, you will get numerous invitations to engage with quiddities of both types. Your first task will be to cultivate an acute ability to know which is which. Your second task: Be relentless in avoiding the trivial quibbles as

you home in on the essential nature of things

CANCER (June 21–July 22): "A poet must not cross an interval with a step when he can cross it with a leap." That's an English translation of an aphorism written by French author Joseph Joubert. Another way to say it might be this: "A smart person isn't drab and plodding as she bridges a gap, but does it with high style and brisk delight." A further alternative: "An imaginative soul isn't predictable as she travels over and around obstacles, but calls on creative magic to fuel her ingenious liberations." Please use these ideas during your adventures in the coming weeks, Cancerian.

LEO (July 23–Aug 22): July is barely half over, but your recent scrapes with cosmic law have already earned you the title of "The Most Lyrically Tormented Struggler of the Month." Another few days of this productive mayhem and you may be eligible for inclusion in Guinness World Records. I could see you being selected as "The Soul Wrangler with the Craziest Wisdom" or "The Mythic Hero with the Most Gorgeous Psychospiritual Wounds." But it's my duty to let you know that you could also just walk away from it all. Even if you're tempted to stick around and see how much more of the entertaining chaos you can overcome, it might be better not to. In my opinion, you have done enough impossible work for now.

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22): "People who have their feet planted too firmly on the ground have difficulty getting their pants off," said author Richard Kehl. That's good advice for you in the coming weeks. To attract the help and resources you need, you can't afford to be overly prim or proper. You should, in fact, be willing to put yourself in situations where it would be easy and natural to remove your pants, throw off your inhibitions, and dare to be surprising. If you're addicted to business-asusual, you may miss opportunities to engage in therapeutic play and healing pleasure.

LIBRA (Sept 23–Oct 22): "A failure is a person who has blundered but is not able to cash in on the experience," wrote American author

Elbert Hubbard. In light of this formulation, I'm pleased to announce that you are likely to achieve at least one resounding success in the coming weeks. At this juncture in your destiny, you know exactly how to convert a past mistake into a future triumph. A gaffe that once upon a time brought you anguish or woe will soon deliver its fully ripened teaching, enabling you to claim a powerful joy or joyful power.

SCORPIO (Oct 23–Nov 21): The poet Mary Ruefle describes reading books as "a great extension of time, a way for one person to live a thousand and one lives in a single life span." Are there other ways to do that? Watching films and plays and TV shows, of course. You can also listen to and empathize with people as they tell you their adventures. Or you can simply use your imagination to visualize what life is like for others. However you pursue this expansive pleasure, Scorpio, I highly recommend it. You are set up to absorb the equivalent of many years of experience in a few short weeks.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22–Dec 21): Sagittarian rapper Nicki Minaj is not timid about going after what she wants. She told Cosmopolitan magazine that she's "high-maintenance in bed." Every time she's involved in a sexual encounter, she demands to have an orgasm. In accordance with the current astrological omens, Sagittarius, I invite you to follow her lead—not just during your erotic adventures, but everywhere else, too. Ask for what you want, preferably with enough adroitness to actually obtain what you want. Here's another critical element to keep in mind: To get exactly what you want, you must know exactly what

CAPRICORN (Dec 22–Jan 19): A college basketball player named Mark Snow told reporters, "Strength is my biggest weakness." Was he trying to be funny? No. Was he a bit dim-witted? Perhaps. But I'm not really interested in what he meant by his statement. Rather, I want to hijack it for my own purpose, which is to recommend it as a meditation for you in the coming weeks. Can you think of

any ways that your strength might at least temporarily be a weakness? I can. I suspect that if you rely too much on the power you already possess and the skills you have previously mastered, you may miss important clues about what you need to learn next. The most valuable lessons of the coming weeks could come to you as you're practicing the virtues of humility and innocence and receptivity.

AQUARIUS (Jan 20–Feb 18): In Margaret Mitchell's novel Gone with the Wind, Rhett Butler delivers the following speech to Scarlett O'Hara: "I was never one to patiently pick up broken fragments and glue them together again and tell myself that the mended whole was as good as new. What is broken is broken—and I'd rather remember it as it was at its best than mend it and see the broken places as long as I lived." Your oracle for the near future, Aquarius, is to adopt an approach that is the exact opposite of Rhett Butler's. Patiently gather the broken fragments and glue them together again. I predict that the result will not only be as good as new, it will be better. That's right: The mended version will be superior to the original.

PISCES (Feb 19–March 20): Australian actress Rebel Wilson has appeared in several successful movies, including *Bridesmaids*, *Bachelorette*, and *Pitch Perfect*. But she didn't start out to be a film star. Mathematics was her main interest. Then, while serving as a youth ambassador in South Africa at age 18, she contracted malaria. At the height of her sickness, she had hallucinatory visions that she would one day be "a really good actress who also won an Oscar." The visions were so vivid that she decided to shift her career path. I foresee the possibility that you will soon experience a version of her epiphany. During a phase when you're feeling less than spectacular, you may get a glimpse of an intriguing future possibility.

Homework: What's the name of the book you may write someday—perhaps your memoir? Testify at freewillastrology.com.

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